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THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Wreckage of Flight 007

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Sanctions and sanctimony *Joseph Finder*

Reagan goes reasonable *Morton Kondracke*

Larry McDonald, R.I.P. *Joseph Nocera*

Seoul Diarist *Robert Craft*

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CORRESPONDENCE

INVESTIGATIVE JUNKETS

To the editors:

Gregg Easterbrook's "St. Louis Diarist" (TNR, August 8) says that Investigative Reporters & Editors is best known for its investigation of the mob murder of Arizona reporter Don Bolles. I.R.E. did no investigation of the Don Bolles murder; instead, it produced a twenty-three-part series on organized crime in that state—a distinction we believe is more than subtle.

Mr. Easterbrook also wrote that reporters attended an I.R.E. junket at a luxurious waterfront hotel in San Diego. He is probably the only person in the world not connected with the chain who thinks a Holiday Inn is luxurious. Honestly Gregg, almost all hotels now change the sheets daily. A junket in the normal journalistic sense is a trip of questionable value paid for not by the reporter or his or her news organization. The only persons who had their way paid by I.R.E. were people like, well, Mr. Easterbrook. Then, as in St. Louis, we paid his way and his expenses because he was a first-round winner in our magazine category for investigative reporting.

JOHN ULLMANN
Investigative Reporters & Editors
Columbia, Missouri

REPAYING HISTORY

To the editors:

Robert K. Gordon's article "Casualties of History" (TNR, August 15 & 22) is appalling in its substitution of expediency for social justice. Mr. Gordon opposes monetary redress for Japanese-Americans interned by the U.S. government during World War II, despite their internment's having been "a moral outrage." Obviously the real outrage and "a more troubling question" for Mr. Gordon is what he terms "the equity issue." He is concerned that if one group of victims is compensated, then others will have to be compensated as well, namely, blacks and American Indians—and that would be costly indeed. So costly that he would rather avoid the whole issue. Social justice demands that government be responsible for its actions. That is, government should recognize its errors, take steps to ensure that they never happen again, and compensate its victims. Mr. Gordon, however, suggests that while *judging* the past is fine, actually *doing* something about it "establishes an unwieldy precedent."

What do Japanese-Americans want? From the testimonies given to the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, it is clear that they seek redress that is both meaningful and reasonable. Compensation must be substantial enough to reflect the seriousness of these losses. For the government, it must be more than a token amount, both as a measure of sincerity and as a warning to future leaders that such violations of basic democratic rights will not be tolerated. Finally, compensation should be reasonable and clearly explained to the general

continued on page 4

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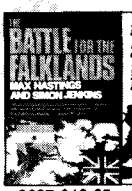

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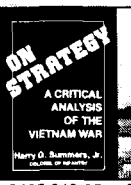

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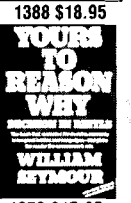

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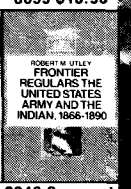

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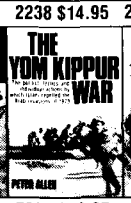

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

public. The figure of $20,000 per internee, though very low, is not arbitrary. It is based on actual losses incurred. The Japanese-Americans, like any other people in this country, ask for no more than equality under the law. In a democracy we should demand no less. Let us stand on principles of equity and not expediency; let us not fail a second time.

STAN SHIKUMA
Japanese American Citizens League
Seattle, Washington

To the editors:
Mr. Gordon states: "If we compensate the Japanese-Americans for their losses, are we not then morally bound to hand the country back over to the Indians or bankrupt the treasury paying for what our ancestors stole?" Apparently he is not aware that Congress did establish a mechanism for "paying for what our ancestors stole" from Indian tribes, and that this mechanism provides a powerful precedent for the compensation of Japanese-Americans.

I am referring to the Indian Claims Commission, established by Congress in 1946 to settle all tribal monetary claims arising from the Federal Government's historical dealings with the Indians. The I.C.C. went out of existence in 1978, but its work continues in the U.S. Court of Claims. This exercise in clearing the national conscience resulted in hundreds of judgments for many millions of dollars each. The most common claim was for land taken from tribes by force or through a treaty which provided inadequate compensation.

The tribe I am involved with has just received payment through an I.C.C. judgment on inadequate compensation for land ceded by treaty. The per capita payment, though eagerly awaited by the tribal members, was less than $700. Such a sum is not likely to make much difference in the lives of its recipients, but the tribal portion, will be invested as a permanent endowment for tribal governmental functions, and the income will be used to provide police protection and operate a tribal court. In this way, the money will help to resurrect and strengthen tribal institutions—institutions that were destroyed or damaged by the very acts of the United States which gave rise to the claim upon which the judgment is based. This creative use of compensation of injury goes well beyond the cash-payment-for-tort model. Perhaps a similarly creative approach to the compensation of interned Japanese-Americans would overcome Mr. Gordon's basically niggardly objections.

JAMES M. JANNETTA
Hayward, Wisconsin

EXPERIMENTAL FRAUD

To the editors:
As a young scientist embarking upon an academic career, I applaud Nicholas Wade's article on fraud in medical research ("Madness in Their Method," TNR, June 27). In his closing section he touches on the very important issue of pressure from above. However, no one would ever suggest that a senior person would ever encourage fraud; they merely expect results. Publishable results help to guarantee funding and so are necessary. "Tidying up data" can be a temptation and may well be the first step to outright fabrication. However, all of this subsumes a personality disorder of the perpetrator which would allow for such dishonesty, and this is not part of an otherwise complete analysis of the problem by Mr. Wade. It is therefore incumbent upon senior investigators and laboratory chiefs to know their subordinates. In light of recent experience no chief can (or should) accept data and analysis blindly. The value of regular meetings is obvious, but of far greater importance is an understanding that the person who is doing the work at the lab bench is more than just a means to an end. Certainly in many of the cases cited a deeper insight into the junior investigator would have truncated a fraudulently supported career, and might have helped him to set himself aright.

LEONARD H. SIGAL, M.D.
New Haven, Connecticut

KUDOS FOR KANT

To the editors:
Congratulations to THE NEW REPUBLIC for having published Glenn Tinder's splendid essay on Kant's political philosophy ("The House That Kant Built," TNR, August 15 & 22). I have never seen a finer or more sympathetic brief characterization of Kant's moral, political, legal, and historical thought. Particularly valuable was Professor Tinder's demonstration that Kantianism cannot be turned to the advantage of tyrants: if one takes as his "maxim" Kant's notion that persons ought always to be respected as "ends in themselves," and never treated as mere means to some arbitrary end, tyranny is excluded by definition. Mr. Tinder's essay is an important addition to the revival of Kant's version of liberalism and humanism—a revival set in motion particularly by John Rawls's great neo-Kantian work, *A Theory of Justice*.

PATRICK RILEY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

HYPERACTIVE ADJECTIVITY

To the editors:
Notwithstanding footnote 1 in THE NEW REPUBLIC's gushing ad for itself on page 11 of the July 18 & 25 issue, I'm sure that the artists who draw TNR's cover illustrations each week and Vint Lawrence, who renders the inside drawings, would rather not have their works widely known for their "hard-hitting trenchancy" any more than they would want their works to be seen as examples of super-rich coloricity, stunningly graphic linearality, or even avoidance of unnecessarily reiterated tautologicality.

JAMES HABLE
Putnam Valley, New York

BALL FOUR

To the editors:
Ernie Banks is my all-time favorite Chicago Cub. Eugene McCarthy, while not my all-time favorite Presidential candidate, is the most imaginative politician of our era. He did get my vote in 1976. I enjoyed the anecdote he relayed about Mr. Banks in "Bad Calls" (TNR, August 29). If Mr. McCarthy believes he witnessed a nine-inning Old Timers' Game at Wrigley Field last July 5, then either his imagination is even more potent than I'd realized, or his memory is wont to exercise poetic license. The site of the Old Timers' Game was the same as the original 1933 All Star Game, which this year's festivities were intended to commemorate, Comiskey Park.

As a Yankee fan, I endorse Mr. McCarthy's position on the Great Pine Tar Debate. What MacPhail did to the Yankees reminds me of what Humphrey tried to do to McGovern after the California primary in 1972—change the rules after the game had been played. In either case—unfair!

BRAD HESSEL
New York, New York

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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FROM WASHINGTON

ARE YOU BETTER OFF?

Are you better off than you were four years ago? This question, more than anything else, helped to elect Ronald Reagan in 1980. Soon you'll be hearing it again.

The "misery index" (inflation plus unemployment) stood at slightly over 12 when hapless Jimmy Carter invented it in 1976. It was over 20 when it was thrown back in his face in 1980. Today it's back down to about 14. How can the Democrats convince people that they're not better off?

The one out of ten workers who are unemployed won't be hard to convince. But the politics of unemployment are cruel for the Democrats. Inflation affects everybody, though few disastrously. Unemployment, even at record postwar levels, touches only a small fraction of the public. What matters politically is whether unemployment is rising or falling. When it's rising, three or four people are worried for every one who's actually out of work. When it's falling, the vast majority with jobs feel safe.

For the record, people on average are *not* better off at the moment than they were when President Reagan took office. The gross national product for 1983 (ignoring inflation) will be barely 1 percent higher than in 1981. The average worker's weekly earnings dropped 3 percent during 1981 and 1982. On election day 1984 most people are likely to find themselves just about where they were on election day 1980.

Trouble is, they may enjoy passing this spot on the way up more than they enjoyed passing it on the way down. What the Democrats must remind people is that getting us back to where we were in the first place is hardly what Dr. Reagan promised when we signed up for his cure three years ago.

Reaganomics is history now, not promise. The Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia recently published a study of the tax cuts. Because of "bracket creep" and Social Security tax increases, the average family that just keeps up with inflation will actually pay *more* of its income to the government in 1984 than in 1980.

That's just the average. Because the standard deduction and personal exemption were not indexed, taxes on lower incomes have increased fairly stiffly. Meanwhile, since the Social Security tax "tops out," high-income people come out ahead. A $13,000 family of four faces a real tax increase of about 15 percent over the Reagan years. A $25,000 family breaks even. A $60,000 wage-earning family gets a 3 percent cut.

The Philadelphia study neglects to point out that top-bracket investment income got the biggest break of all from Reagan, and is exempt from ever-rising Social Security levies. As a result, the very richest investors now pay less tax on their capital gains than a $12,000 family pays on its wages.

And spending? According to the Congressional Budget Office, Reagan has managed to cut nondefense spending about 7 percent from what it would have been otherwise. The average family is out about $250 a year in federal benefits. But those making under $10,000 a year are out an average of $430 each.

Government social programs surely could use some rethinking. But Reagan made little pretense of "reform." His stated purpose was to return money to the taxpayers, and to do so while preserving the "safety net" for the very poorest members of society. Yet the poorest have clearly taken the worst of Reagan's cuts. As for saving money, the C.B.O. calculates that after Reagan's military spending increases (increases, that is, from Carter's own ambitious plans), the federal budget for 1985 and after will actually be *larger* than if he'd never started mucking about.

The idea was that tax cuts for individuals would encourage saving and tax cuts for business (from an average of 33 percent to less than 5 percent on new corporate investments) would encourage expansion. Neither happened. Personal savings are at their lowest since 1950, and the business expansion boom is also nowhere to be seen. What we've had instead is the worst recession in fifty years, followed by a classic demand-side recovery led by consumer spending (not saving) and large government deficits.

The Reagan people are eager to lay blame for the recession on the Federal Reserve Board. Fair enough, except that the Reaganauts want the credit for the only real economic triumph of recent years: the dramatic slowing of inflation. Tight money conquered inflation, and did it by causing a recession. That's how tight money works.

The federal deficit for 1983 will be over $200 billion—four times Carter's last year. For the first time since they began playing such games, economists of all stripes predict deficits as far as the eye can see, no matter how brilliant the recovery. And that is likely to make the recovery pretty dim.

If business ever does get the itch to expand in the next few years, it will find that about half the available credit is being sucked up by the federal government. This, combined with the fear that large deficits will re-ignite inflation once a real boom is under way, are keeping interest rates high. (Not according to Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. Last week this erstwhile troubadour of the free market repeated—not by popular demand—his famous comic monologue saying it's all a plot by bankers.)

High interest rates stymie the economy in any number of ways, but consider just one. The influx of foreign money attracted mainly by high interest rates has driven up the value of the dollar almost 25 percent since 1980. This has undermined our industries in the world market. In 1980 we exported $19 billion more of manufactured goods than we imported. This year we'll import $28 billion more than we export. According to conservative economist Paul McCracken, this shift alone has cost about one-and-a-half million jobs.

On our present course, things will get better for a while, then they will get worse: either a new outburst of inflation, or a turn back into recession. This trade-off between inflation and recession is known as the Phillips curve. Reagan claimed that he was going to move us off the Phillips curve and onto the path of inflation-free growth. This is his great failure, and it's why, whatever your immediate condition, you're really no better off than you were four years ago.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 3, 1983

THEY SHOOT AIRPLANES, DON'T THEY?

Ronald Reagan is many things, but reckless he is not. The Soviet Union shoots down a civilian airliner, killing 269 people, including 61 Americans, and the President of the United States responds with a lot of hot air and a few symbolic acts that do not deserve the name of sanctions. For that his allies on the right savage him for cowardice, and his opponents on the left salute him for statesmanship. Richard Viguerie suggests that the President apologize to Jimmy Carter, who at least had the courage to impose a grain embargo and an Olympic boycott after the invasion of Afghanistan. *The New York Times* is delighted that the President has discovered restraint and caution.

The President's display of thunderous inaction showed neither cowardice nor statesmanship, but a realistic reading of how helpless the West really is when faced with Soviet demonstrations of power within their own sphere. The fact is that anti-Soviet sanctions don't work. There are two reasons for this. First, the rest of the non-Communist world, including our allies, are not interested in them. They are too busy getting and spending while the United States defends them. If the Soviets can't get grain from the United States they'll get it from Argentina; if they can't get compressors for their gas pipeline from the United States, they'll get it from American subsidiaries in Britain, France, and Italy; if they can't get oil-drilling technology from the United States, they'll buy it from Japan. Since the United States no longer has the power to impose its will on its allies, unilateral sanctions are useless. The only people hurt are potential American sellers.

But even if we could get our allies to agree not to steal our business, sanctions would fail. That brings us to the other reason: *Americans* have no stomach for sanctions. Or, more precisely, they have less stomach for deprivation than have the Russians. Commerce, and the higher standard of living it brings, is very dear to us. The Soviets don't value such things as highly as we do. After all, they are a people whose crops have endured bad weather since 1917, whose standard of living is stagnant, whose infant mortality is rising—and who take all these developments without protest. Such a people is far better able than we to sustain the loss of mutual economic benefits. And since sanctions must inevitably cut both ways, it is we who invariably call off the game. The most right-wing Administration in fifty years ends up sending its Secretary of Agriculture abjectly to Moscow to restore the Soviets' supply of American grain, this time with a no-embargo promise, as demanded by the Russians. The deal is signed and the Russians embraced just in time, during the window of opportunity between the rape of Poland and the destruction of Flight 007.

That window is now temporarily closed. People are upset. They demand that something be done to punish the Russians. Senator Byrd and others of short memory want another grain embargo; how long would this one last? This is not to say that the United States should not have attempted boycotts and embargoes to protest past Soviet outrages. It is a pity that domestic and alliance politics make substantive measures against the Soviets impossible. But facts are facts, and when there is no will to stick to sanctions, sanctions are worse than useless.

Mr. Reagan has concentrated not on doing but on showing. Hence the strong rhetoric and the purely symbolic

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acts restricted to civil aviation privileges, hardly a critical Soviet interest. These are designed to focus world attention on the attack and concentrate some minds on the regime that carried it out. Yet even at the symbolic level, the President underplayed his hand, agreeing to go ahead with sending Secretary of State Schultz to meet Andrei Gromyko in Madrid, where they engaged in a shouting match. Simple decency, if not self-respect, demanded the meeting be conditioned on a Soviet apology. The only action of any substance was taken by Western airline pilots acting on their own. Having something of a personal interest in discouraging the firing of missiles at civilian aircraft, they are imposing a ragged but probably effective sixty-day boycott on flights to the Soviet Union. Even that was beyond the President's power. He'd already canceled Aeroflot landing rights in the United States as punishment for martial law in Poland. The Aeroflot card had been played. So it's sixty days' suspension for 269 dead. Next case.

The propaganda sanction, however, was well executed. For it is important to remember how unfashionable it is normally—between attacks on civilian airliners—to engage in anti-Soviet rhetoric. When the President said some time ago that the Soviets are prepared to lie, cheat, and otherwise act nastily in pursuit of their ideology, he was ridiculed. But when Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, in a U.N. show as dramatic and captivating as any ever, played a recording of Soviet pilots noting three times that KAL 007 had its lights on (exposing one of many Soviet lies about the incident) and coolly arming and firing missiles at the airliner, she was, for once, not accused of engaging in cold war tactics. Indeed, the performance was so impressive that it elicited from the Russians the rarest of exercises in free speech, an event undreamed of by even the most optimistic détentenik—an open press conference at which high-ranking Soviet military officials faced Western journalists (and a few local toadies, to judge from the planted questions that dotted the transcript) to give their version of the incident.

HOWEVER, THE REACTION of the Security Council to these dramatic revelations demonstrated just how little support any measure that might offend the Soviets can command. The American delegation had to postpone for three days a Security Council vote on a softball resolution that went no further than "deplore" the loss of life without directly saying a unpleasant word about the Russians, because it could not muster the nine out of fifteen votes necessary to force a Soviet veto. The governments of Malta, Guyana, Zimbabwe (whose existence is one of our more recent diplomatic triumphs), and Jordan (led by our perennial ally, Hussein) demurred. In the end, Malta and Jordan yielded to Western pressure. Guyana and Zimbabwe, however, refused to join in an elementary declaration that might have offended the Soviets. And why not? They shoot planes, don't they?

There are no sanctions that will have any real effect on the Soviets, i.e., that will change their behavior, and certainly none that will change future Soviet actions against off-course civilian airliners. It was one of the fallacies of détente that we could restrain Soviet aggressiveness by tying them in commercial knots; it is we who have become restrained by commercial bonds. And since, apart from vengeance, deterrence is the only justification for retaliation, the President is right to choose another course. He wants to use the indignation aroused by the incident, and even the feelings of frustration aroused by his own inaction, for other ends: to support the military buildup that he has long advocated and which has increasingly come under attack as memories of earlier Soviet outrages (like Poland) and American humiliations (like Iran) have faded. The Russians do not respond to economic sanctions. They do react carefully and warily to military strength. Accordingly, the President is wise to use this incident not to throw at the Russians a few wild punches which will invariably elicit pained responses only from injured Westerners, but to help pass elements of his military program that are in jeopardy.

THE HOPE IS THAT the incident will teach a lesson about the nature of the Soviet regime. It should, of course, teach us nothing new. Why so many should be shocked by this incident and Soviet reaction to it is a mystery, and not just to us—to the Soviets, too. Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, chief of the Soviet general staff, took pains at his press conference to emphasize that the incident resulted from a wholly characteristic, entirely normal, and eminently repeatable Soviet reaction to an "intruder" aircraft. (The Soviets are known to have shot at their *own* aircraft, mistaking them for spy planes.) That kind of unrepentant, remorseless reaction is what so many people find disturbing. After all, it is possible to shoot down a civilian airliner as a result of a misunderstanding or an overly sensitive defensive system, as Israel did to a Libyan airliner which strayed over the Sinai ten years ago. But the Israelis apologized and paid compensation. The Soviets declare that they did the right thing, that they would do it again, that the Americans are responsible, and that the C.I.A., which masterminded the "special mission," should pay reparations. Soviet officials emphasize that this was not an accident, but the deliberate and calculated shooting down of a spy plane. How did they know it was a spy plane? It was flying over important and secret military areas. Why destroy it (captured spy equipment on a civilian aircraft would have been a great propaganda windfall)? "Sacred Soviet soil" must be defended (they argued, in a no doubt temporary deviation from materialist theology). And what of the lives lost? Their blood is on the head of the spymasters. Marshal Ogarkov went further. He reminded the questioner of the twenty million Soviet lives sacrificed to defend that same sacred soil in World War II. The implication was clear: in comparison, 269 is a paltry sum. It was an interesting insight into our propensity to misread the Soviets. Those who contend that the Soviets desire above all peaceful coexistence invariably invoke the twenty million as evidence that the

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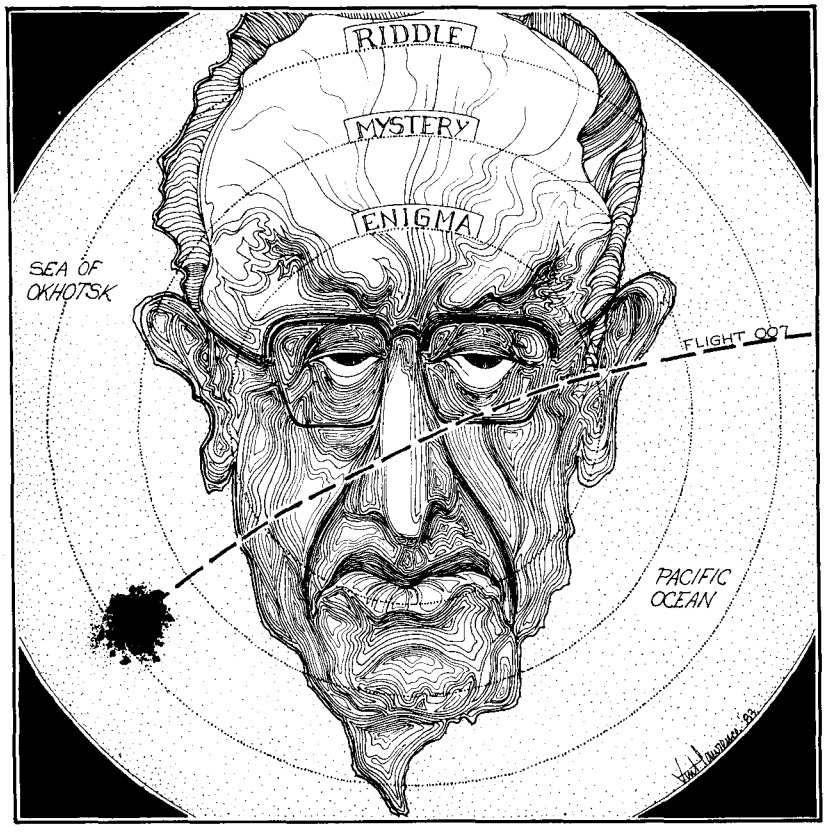
Russians, having seen so much suffering, wish to suffer no more. But as Ogarkov and other high Soviet officials tried to explain, often to unhearing Western ears, the calculation works the other way: when one has lost twenty million lives to defend one's sacred soil, a few hundred more here or there (and non-Russians to boot) is a small price to pay.

One person to whom the downing of Flight 007 was no surprise was Senator Henry Jackson, who died the very week many were waking up to the lessons he'd been trying to teach for forty years. He understood that the same strong government that is needed to fight for liberal causes at home is needed to defend liberal democracy abroad. It was dismaying to him, as it is to us, that these awakenings, while more frequent now, remain periodic. Five years ago another Korean plane strayed into Soviet airspace and was forced by Soviet fighters to crash land on a frozen lake. That incident killed only two people, so it was no big deal. Between that incident and this one, we've seen the Soviet invasion of one neighbor, and the brutal suppression of freedom in another. And the Pope has been shot, quite possibly on the order of Yuri Andropov. Quite a record for five years. And yet Democratic Presidential candidates, some of whom should know better, tell cheering audiences that their first order of business on January 21, 1985, will be to get Mr. Andropov on the phone for a little chat about peace. What do they really expect will come from such a chat? (Senator Cranston goes his rivals one better by insisting on an immediate summit carried out without the usual diplomatic preparation since diplomats—a nation's institutional memory—would be an obstacle to peace.)



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Did we really need the shooting down of a civilian airliner to teach us that the Soviets are brutal? Do we need days of unrepentant rejection of responsibility to teach us that their brutality is remorseless? Examine Soviet reaction to the incident. First came days of evasion and denial, lies repeated until they became ridiculous. But should this surprise us in a country that doesn't even report its own airline crashes, and that prefers to subject the families of the victims to the agony of not knowing rather than admit the possibility of even the most ordinary human tragedy occurring on Soviet soil?

Then came the stonewall, the rejection of requests by other countries to search Soviet waters for wreckage and bodies. Isn't this to be expected from a country where information is routinely viewed as a commodity to be controlled and manipulated? Moscow doesn't even have a telephone book, nor is there an "information" number to call: if you want to call someone, you should already know his number, and if you don't, why do you want to call? Should anyone expect the Soviets to allow on their territory search parties after a catastrophe, when they have repeatedly rejected the idea of "on-site inspection" not just for prison camps and psychiatric hospitals but for international agreements freely negotiated and freely arrived at?

Finally, when the basic facts can no longer be denied, comes a version of the truth which is merely a more elaborate lie, what spies call a "legend." The plane was on a "special mission" controlled by the C.I.A. (We know that paranoids project, and we know that Aeroflot and Cubana airlines have an uncanny tendency to wander over sensitive American airspace, like the incident in 1981 when one flight strayed over New London, Connecticut, on the day the first Trident submarine was launched.) How different is this from saying that Anatoly Scharansky is a C.I.A. agent, that Andrei Sakharov is a traitor, that Raoul Wallenberg disappeared? The passengers of Flight 007 are not the first innocents to stray into Soviet airspace. What the Soviets did to that plane they routinely do to people, things, movements they can neither identify nor control. Destroying Flight 007 was business as usual, as anyone understands who reads Marshal Ogarkov's remarks. There is nothing in our power that we can do to prevent the Soviets from conducting such business. The proper American response is also business as usual. Only that must include the business of strengthening ourselves and our friends to keep the Soviets from claiming any more air as their space.

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NOTEBOOK

□ UNDERDRIVE: William F. Buckley Jr. has again come before the public with proof of the crippled intellectual condition of American conservatism. The intellectual task of the conservative has frequently been to transform an inclination into an idea, and a taste into theory; to make what he (and usually not she) merely likes into something positively philosophical. Writing in defense of the all-male club in *The New York Times Magazine*, Mr. Buckley has produced a minor classic of the genre. "The weakness of the [women's] movement lies, surely, in its unstated insistence that men should come forward with rational reasons why, in some situations, they prefer the company of their own gender. . . . I am outraged at the planted axiom that one needs to account for every inclination." Perfect. In his uncharacteristically colloquial way, Mr. Buckley has described just what intellectuals are supposed to do. They are supposed to come forward with rational reasons. They are supposed to account for inclinations. But not Mr. Buckley. He goes on humbly to deny "that that which we cannot explain we ought not to engage in." This is fine, of course, for matters of religious faith. But an all-male club is (or should be) a matter of a different order. Tertullian cannot justify The Century Club. The borrowing of holiness for petty prejudices, however, is one of the time-honored tricks of American conservatism.

□ "YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY centrally located," said Walter Mondale after making his way to the remote North Georgia mountain where Jimmy Carter, reversing the myth, has gone from White House to log cabin. Mr. Mondale might as well have been talking about his old chief's position in the hearts of his fellow Democrats as about his spot on the map. One thing Mr. Carter is central to, though, is the political past of Mr. Mondale, and Mr. Carter, in endorsing Mr. Mondale, strove mightily to remove himself from around Mr. Mondale's neck. "I think it is obvious that no candidate who hopes to be President of the United States could permit himself or herself to be stigmatized by subservience to the policies of someone else," was how he put it, in a burst of wonderfully Carteresque prose. While embracing Mr. Mondale, Mr. Carter managed also to free him from his embrace. It was a gracious and, to Mr. Mondale, a valuable gesture.

□ GEORGE McGOVERN has nothing better to do, so he is running for President again himself. It's a sad spectacle. Mr. McGovern was crushed by Richard Nixon in 1972, ousted from the Senate in 1980, and is likely to become an object of derision in 1984. He has no money and no staff, and his own wife won't campaign for him. Whatever success he achieves will come at the expense of Alan Cranston, the candidate he most agrees with, or of Gary Hart, the candidate least in need of incessant reminders of '72. Mr. McGovern's platform remains one of isolationism and national guilt, and only if he can take it over the side with him will his candidacy serve a public purpose.

□ READERS OF THE FINE PRINT will have noticed a number of TNR staff changes this week. Leon Wieseltier, a senior editor for the past year, has become literary editor. (His book *Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace*, adapted from a long essay published here in January, is now in the stores.) Michael Kinsley, who has been variously managing editor, editor, senior editor, and contributing editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC and, from September 1981 to May 1983, editor of *Harper's*, returns to TNR full-time as a senior editor. Ann Hulbert, who has been with the literary department of the magazine since 1978, joins the ranks of our senior editors this week as well. And Marc Granetz, editor since 1979 of New Republic Books / Holt, Rinehart & Winston, has decided to bag the life of genteel poverty; he may now be found at Harvard Law School. His post here is open. Applications welcome.

□ FORTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "With Americans it is always either a feast or a famine: while one section of our public opinion is implacably hostile to Russia, another proposes to give her more than seems reasonable. It is a pity that we cannot face some of the facts realistically. Russia will certainly have a great deal to say about the future of Eastern Europe after the war, and it is doubtful whether we could stop her, even if we wanted to. It would be a very bad mistake to assume that Russia is, or soon will be, 'bled white' and unable to play an important role in world affairs." ("The Week," October 4, 1943.)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

REASONABLE MEN

THE NEW RIGHT says President Reagan's response to the Korean Airlines massacre was too weak. That's no surprise. But Walter Mondale says the same, and polls show the public agrees that sterner measures should have been taken. All this may mean that the President did just right—diplomatically and in terms of domestic politics. He kept the focus of international opprobrium squarely on the Soviets and not where it can usually be found—on himself. He let the Soviet Union confirm most of what he's always said about their proclivity to lie, cheat, and kill. That has improved chances for congressional approval of the MX missile and for the deployment of Pershing II missiles in Europe—which may, in turn, prod the Soviets

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to come to terms in nuclear negotiations and help Reagan's chances of reelection. Meanwhile, by reacting calmly—at a time when the public was paying close attention—he did far more to diminish his image as a hip-shooting cowboy than if he had done exactly what people think they wanted him to do.

Whatever benefits or costs ultimately materialize, they will be primarily the product of Reagan's own instincts rather than of his advisers' calculations. Administration aides of varying (sometimes conflicting) ideology say that Reagan himself set the tone and chose the substance of U.S. reactions to the Soviet atrocity. White House pragmatists and State Department moderates were pleased; some National Security Council and Pentagon hawks were dismayed. But for all practical purposes, as one aide put it, "There was no battle for the President's mind on this one."

REAGAN RECEIVED his first word that KAL Flight 007 was missing at 7:30 P.M., Pacific Time, on August 31 in a phone call to his California ranch from his national security adviser, William Clark. He got another briefing at 10:30 P.M., by which time it seemed certain the plane had been shot down. According to Clark aides, who said they were paraphrasing only slightly, Reagan's initial reaction was, "That's what I'd expect of the Soviets. They wouldn't care if innocent people were killed. But let's keep this in perspective. Let's not overreact." One aide said that the President was "mad as hell and said some harsh things, but his instructions were to keep this from being a U.S.-Soviet confrontation. This was the Soviets against the world, and he was determined to make them pay."

The next day the world got the impression that Reagan was not on top of the event. The first public statement from the Administration came from Secretary of State George Shultz in a Washington press conference at 10:45 A.M. Eastern Time. Shultz announced that he was going ahead with his planned trip to meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Madrid—a preemptive strike by Shultz and State Department aides, who want to keep U.S.-Soviet contacts alive (especially in moments of tension), and who feared the trip might be canceled if the White House had time to think about the matter.

Because Shultz was visible and Reagan wasn't, White House aides thought it important that a Presidential statement be delivered from California on Thursday morning. White House spokesman Larry Speakes delivered a strong one, but in answer to reporters' questions he said that there were no plans for Reagan to cut short his vacation. The President actually did not want to leave his ranch, but he was prevailed upon by Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver and political adviser Stuart Spencer to head back Friday in order to appear in command.

In Washington, meanwhile, two staff groups had been instructed to draft options for the President. One was an interagency group chaired by top State Department officials, the other a National Security Council staff group headed by Robert Kimmitt, who has taken over the office and some of the functions of Clark's former deputy, Robert McFarlane, now chief Mideast troubleshooter. Both groups were guided by instructions from California that the President intended to pursue arms control talks with the Soviets in Geneva and would not abrogate the just-concluded grain sales agreement. However, one N.S.C. staff aide, Sovietologist John Lenczowski, put up a spirited argument for a broad range of tough sanctions and suspension of talks in order to send a signal that the United States would not let the Soviet atrocity go unpunished.

Lenczowski's recommendations were rejected, but he did manage to influence the tone of Reagan's first personal statement on the plane incident—the blistering one he issued as he left California on September 2, raising questions about whether the United States could negotiate agreements with the Soviets "when they so flagrantly lie about such a heinous act." White House moderates cringed at the statement, believing it created unwarranted expectations about policies yet to be set in meetings of the National Security Council.

WHAT EMERGED from those meetings was a series of sanctions variously described as "mild," "measured," "temperate," or "weak," depending on the describer. A brief, seemingly token effort was made by Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and others to block arms talks, Shultz's Madrid trip, and the transfer of Caterpillar pipelaying equipment to the Soviets, but the President settled on efforts to restrict civil aviation to the Soviet Union and on limiting cultural, scientific, and diplomatic exchanges. These measures, plus a decision to take the KAL case to the United Nations Security Council, enjoyed surprisingly widespread support in the Administration. There has been no renewal of leaked criticism from Clark's N.S.C. against Shultz's State Department. On the contrary, Clark has gone out of his way to praise State for speedy and efficient handling of KAL-related diplomacy.

Original plans called for the President to announce his policies to reporters gathered in the White House Rose Garden, but Deaver, Chief of Staff James Baker, and Communications Director David Gergen urged a television address just prior to the Monday night football game between the Washington Redskins and the Dallas Cowboys. It was also decided that Reagan—as well as United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick later at the Security Council—should play tapes of the transmissions of a Soviet pilot as he shot down the airliner. The National Security Agency raised objections to such a release of classified intelligence , but was overruled in the interests of making the strongest possible case to the world.

Despite Reagan's televised indictment of Soviet behavior and his appeal to Congress to approve his defense budget and the MX missile, the right wing has noisily protested his failure to punish the Soviets. Various

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conservative organizations, including NCPAC, have threatened to withhold support if the President runs next year, and Howard Phillips, director of the Conservative Caucus, has even discussed forming a new political party.

On the Democratic side, reaction has been generally muted except from Walter Mondale, who has said he would have been "somewhat stronger" toward the Soviets by canceling the Madrid meeting and tightening up on credits. The Mondale camp appears to believe that the KAL incident will in the long run hurt Reagan by depriving him of a hoped-for summit meeting with Yuri Andropov and success in arms control talks, by energizing the right to be disruptive in the Republican Party, and by giving Democrats an opportunity to appear firmer with the Soviets than Reagan. Mondale's pollster, Peter D. Hart, thinks that the KAL incident "makes the world seem less safe" and could add the Far East to the world's list of conflict areas, making foreign policy a major 1984 issue, to Reagan's detriment.

MAYBE SO. For the moment, though, it seems clear that Reagan has benefited politically from the KAL tragedy. A *Newsweek* poll found that 54 percent of the population felt Reagan did not do enough, and a *USA Today* poll found that 54 percent favored a grain cutoff. But 23 percent said they supported Reagan more after his response, compared to 14 percent who support him less. He has not been criticized by Republicans in Congress. The conservatives' favorite Representative, Jack Kemp, said, "I wish he had sent home half of the K.G.B. agents in Soviet missions in the United States," but added that Reagan "had to be prudent" and "has come out stronger for this." He views the damage on the right as temporary. White House aides tend to think the same, and to hope that Reagan's measured response will bolster his support among women and others who were concerned at his "warmonger" image.

The conventional wisdom holds that the Soviets are now less likely to conclude arms pacts and agree to a pre-1984 summit. But some Administration Kremlinologists think that they will need to look for ways to repair their reputation, and that therefore they may be ready to take positive steps. And if Reagan is right in his estimate of what moves the Soviets, congressional approval of the MX and European acceptance of Pershing II missiles—which threaten Soviet military assets—may induce Moscow to agree to arms pacts. According to public opinion analyst William Schneider, the KAL incident "has a more profound effect than Poland or Afghanistan, which seem distant and political. This was immoral human behavior that people can understand, especially in this nation of airplane flyers. The outrage is clear and it seems to confirm Reagan's view of the Soviets. But by not being as tough as people wanted him to be, he gained a political advantage. He veered the right way."

MORTON KONDRACKE

Hate made his world go 'round.

McDONALD'S WAR

"THE REASON the aircraft was shot down," said Tommy Toles, aide to Representative Larry McDonald, the day after Korean Airlines Flight 007 was downed by a Soviet fighter jet, "was because Congressman McDonald was a passenger."

Well, not exactly. But it's no surprise that the aides and friends of Representative Lawrence P. (for Patton) McDonald think so. Larry McDonald didn't just fear the Soviet Union and communism in all its forms; he was absolutely paranoid on the subject. His was a life spent rooting out what he liked to call "the communist conspiracy," which to him encompassed an astonishingly wide spectrum of activity. As he saw it, just about every demonstration, whether for civil rights or for lower utility rates, was "communist controlled." Any and all leftist organizations took their orders straight from Moscow. Like his idol, Joe McCarthy, Larry McDonald was the sort of legislator who gave anticommunism a bad name. That he should meet his death at the hands of the Soviet Union is no small irony—though it's nothing more than that, either. To McDonald's supporters, though, there's nothing ironic about it at all. It's the smoking gun.

The newspapers have all mentioned that Larry McDonald was chairman of the John Birch Society, but that hardly suggests the depth of his passion. Prior to his election to Congress in 1974, Larry McDonald *was* the John Birch Society in northwest Georgia. By day, he was a urologist practicing in an Atlanta clinic with his father; by night he was a tireless proselytizer. When he divorced his first wife in the early 1970s, she testified that during the decade they were married, some ten thousand people trooped through their home in suburban Atlanta to hear her husband talk about the John Birch Society. He was good at it, too. When he made his first, unsuccessful run for Congress in 1972, there were more Birchers in his northwest Georgia district than in any other district in the South; in fact, by the early 1970s, he was the only Birch Society recruiter in the country who could show a net gain. These recruits, many of them as fanatical as he about what he liked to call "the fight for America," were the core of his political organization.

Once in Congress, McDonald knew enough not to make a big thing out of his membership in the John Birch Society, but he didn't shy away from the subject either. He was a vocal opponent of a Martin Luther King national holiday; one of the most noxious films in the Birch catalogue—shown many an evening in the McDonald household—was its "exposé" of Martin Luther King, portraying him as a communist puppet. The Birch Society is deeply suspicious of paper money, preferring something more solid, like silver. McDonald hoarded silver, and also testified frequently in Congress about the need for Amer-

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ica to increase its silver stockpile. For Birchers, laetrile is the drug of choice for treating cancer, mainly because they hate the idea that the government can tell them what they can and cannot put into their bodies. McDonald was one doctor who could, and would, provide laetrile to people who wanted it. When prodded, McDonald would speak ominously of the more bizarre tenets in the Bircher faith: of the Trilateralists, and the Rockefellers, and the Bilderbergers, and how "they" were in cahoots with the Communists in attempting to impose "one-world government" on the rest of us. Birchers believe that the only proper role for government is providing the nation's defense, and that everything else the government does, from setting price supports to paying Social Security to establishing parkland, is unconstitutional. Because McDonald believed this too, he was on the losing end of an awful lot of 434-to-1 votes.

How could a man like this be elected to Congress in the modern age? Part of the reason was that Larry McDonald was a first-class campaigner—on the one hand, ruthless about painting his opponent as a flaming liberal pinko, and, on the other, a smooth, polished, made-for-TV politician. He was unbeatable in campaign debates: always calm and collected, always sounding completely rational as he talked about issues upon which he and his constituents agreed—the need to balance the budget, say, or to increase defense spending. Invariably, it was his opponents who became unhinged as they tried, unsuccessfully, to tar him with the Birch brush.

If there is anything admirable about McDonald's five terms in Congress, it is that he practiced what he preached. Unlike many of his more "spineless" colleagues (McDonald's favorite adjective when discussing Congress), he never made exceptions for his own district. Because he opposed all nondefense federal spending, he consistently voted against bills that would have pumped federal money into his own district. Because he opposed federal farm aid, he once chewed out a delegation of Georgia farmers, some from his own district, who had come to Washington looking for help. Because he did not believe the federal government should be in the business of designating parkland, he once single-handedly killed a bill, highly popular among his constituents, that would have established a federal park in a portion of his district. Among Georgia's political cognoscenti, McDonald stories like these are legion.

But then, McDonald's constituents, mostly well-off suburbanites, required little in the way of federal services. And consistency alone is not much of a legacy. If McDonald is remembered at all, it will be not because he was true to his beliefs but because those beliefs were so exotic—especially the obsession with all things liberal, socialist, or communist (to McDonald, the three were virtually indistinguishable). He went to Congress at the exact moment when the House Internal Security Committee—formerly the House Un-American Activities Committee—was being abolished, and he took it upon himself to carry on the committee's odious agenda. It was from his own congressional office, he believed, that the fight for America would have to be waged, and his office became a refuge for many of the old HUAC true believers, from which they could continue to conduct their investigations into all manner of "leftist" activity.

Thankfully, there wasn't much that McDonald could do with the "information" his associates "uncovered"—the long shadow of McCarthy did a lot to nullify any damage he might have done—but one thing he could do was publicize his findings. The *Congressional Record* was at his disposal, and he used it as his bully pulpit. A typical entry might accuse James Schlesinger of being "a protégé of Daniel Ellsberg," or label Jack Anderson "the most sanctimonious liar in public life," or accuse Paul Warnke of having been given "considerable propaganda support by the Soviet Union." In the pages of the *Congressional Record*, Larry McDonald was precisely the sort of person that liberals, in their more generous moments, like to say that most conservatives are not: he was a hater.

In his personal life, McDonald seems not to have been much different than he was as a public figure. Everywhere he looked, it seemed, the dangers lurked. As a result, he was never much of one for letting his hair down and having a good time. He despised televised football, for instance, because he thought it was the sort of activity that lulled his fellow countrymen to sleep—it made them forget how close the enemy had come. He really did seem to believe that there was a Communist under every bush. According to the divorce testimony of his first wife, when she complained about their sex life, he replied, "People don't make love in wartime." For Larry P. McDonald, it was always wartime.

JOSEPH NOCERA

Joseph Nocera is an associate editor of *Texas Monthly*.

Sanctions and sanctimony.

REAGAN'S BIG SCHTICK

"WHAT CAN BE the scope of legitimate mutual discourse with a state whose values permit such atrocities?" Ronald Reagan asked after the Russians shot down the Korean jetliner. He answered his own question a few days later when he announced his intention to continue grain sales but to temporarily shut down the offices of Aeroflot. Reagan's words were blistering, his actions mild. The unofficial explanation from the White House was that economic sanctions are useless. Actually, the real explanation for the decision lies in the Administration's divided and confused policy toward the Kremlin, and the President's desire to soften his image as a hardliner.

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Now that the airliner incident has passed, the question is not how to punish the Soviet Union, but how to demonstrate a firm Western resolve that such atrocities not be committed again. Is it possible to use trade with the Soviet bloc as a means of applying pressure—as a peaceful weapon? If Reagan is willing to stop playing to a domestic audience, he has the opportunity to coordinate allied policy. Unfortunately, he hasn't much time. Outrage over incidents of this sort has, as Calvin Trillin has observed about books, a shelf life of about two-and-a-half weeks.

It has been said that the Soviet leaders actually prefer conservative Republican Presidents, who tend not to display the kind of vacillation that the Politburo found so infuriating in Jimmy Carter. Reagan's vacillation, however, is manifestly worse. While campaigning for President, he declared, "Why shouldn't the Western world quarantine the Soviet Union until they decide to behave as a civilized nation?" Soon he had reversed himself, insisting that Carter's grain embargo was a mistake. And then, less than a month after entering the White House, he warned that to lift the embargo "gratuitously," without any conciliatory moves by the Soviets, would send them and our allies the "wrong signal." Suddenly linkage was very much alive. Yet when Reagan resumed shipments of grain in April 1981, his adviser Ed Meese explained that since the Soviets were making no moves to pull out of Afghanistan, we might as well "take the world as we find it." But this logic didn't apply to the Soviet gas pipeline to Europe, which the Reagan Administration tried to block, and everyone knows what happened to that.

In recent months the White House has made another shift, opening up East-West trade—with a determination to put the best face on it. At the end of August Secretary of Agriculture John Block suddenly turned up in Moscow, the highest level Administration official to visit the Soviet Union since George Bush's five-minute chat with Yuri Andropov at Leonid Brezhnev's funeral. Block, smiling exultantly, proclaimed the new, improved grain deal. Sounding like the voice-over on a TV commercial, Mr. Block intoned, "We not only want to be a good supplier—we want to be the best supplier for the U.S.S.R." Shades of détente! At least that's how the grain agreement was widely viewed. Mr. Block called it, no egomania presumably intended, "an early building block." His beaming face appeared on the front page of *The Times* of London beneath the headline, MOSCOW GRAIN DEAL MAY HERALD THAW.

Did anyone at the White House seriously believe that business deals would warm the hearts of the Politburo members and thereby lead to an improvement in relations? If this was meant as Reagan's new formulation of linkage, it stood the traditional one on its head. At a May 1969 meeting of the National Security Council, Richard Nixon said, "I do not accept the philosophy that increased trade results in improved political relations. In fact just the converse is true. Better political relations lead to improved trade." But a new definition of linkage wasn't the point. There were other considerations, such as the political benefits Reagan hoped to reap from appearing a bit more moderate vis-à-vis the Kremlin. And perhaps American farmers would be gladdened by the chance to sell more corn, wheat, and soybeans to Russia (although given the drought now afflicting the Midwest, increased grain exports seem unlikely).

Just days before the airliner was shot down, Reagan and his aides were boasting that the Administration's recent initiatives toward the Soviet Union—permitting the sale of pipelaying equipment and signing the new grain deal—were part of a two-track policy blending military buildups with conciliatory gestures. The conciliation "track" was in fact little more than an attempt to persuade America that Soviet-American relations were more cordial than they actually were.

AT THE SAME TIME that Reagan was denouncing the "evil empire" for its incursion into Central America—hardly a conciliatory gesture—his minions were forging new commercial deals with the empire's emissaries. But the timing of Secretary Block's announcement did more than make a mockery of the supposedly "conciliatory" intent of the trade deals. It effectively decoupled trade from politics, and made it clear that unlike past Presidents, Reagan was chary of ever resorting to economic sanctions. What punishment lay in store for the Soviets if they chose to flex a little military muscle in defending their airspace? A round condemnation by the U.S. Congress? If anything, this dismantling of linkage seems to have been counterproductive. A guarantee that business would proceed, come what may, could only have served to encourage such acts of intimidation.

The creaky old cliché that Reagan's aides like to haul out in reference to Carter's grain embargo is that "We shot ourselves in the foot." But how bad was our foot injury? Ask the National Corn Growers Association and they'll tell you that Carter's sanctions cost the United States more than $11 billion worth of exports. What they won't tell you is that this figure doesn't necessarily have anything to do with the sanctions. U.S. grain exports have been declining lately for two reasons: a worsening world economy, which means that countries aren't importing grain as rapidly as before; and a stronger dollar, which means American grain costs more than other exporters' grain. In fact, our worldwide exports of grain actually *increased* after the embargo was imposed, from about $87 million in 1979 to $111 million in 1980. Lester Brown of the Worldwatch Institute, a Washington think tank, explains that the embargo simply shifted the pattern of world grain trade—the Soviets bought more from Argentina and Japan bought more from us. And contrary to popular belief, it did hurt the Russians, at least somewhat, because they had to pay more to ship grain from other countries. (In the case of Australia, as Brown points out, "it's not possible to have a supplier farther away from Russia and still be on planet Earth.")

Senator John Tower, a conservative Republican, seems to share Reagan's sense of bitter resignation about the

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incident. He told David Brinkley a few days after the plane was shot down, "Well, you know, what can you do that's going to change the pattern of Soviet behavior?" But the fact is that there may be substantive measures we can take to restrain the Soviets. The prevailing notion that economic sanctions against the Soviets cannot work is founded on our experience that they haven't worked. This does not have to be.

There are steps that can be taken now that might not have worked a year ago to block the Soviet gas pipeline (or at least to make it significantly more difficult to construct). The only other firm in the world that can compete with Caterpillar to sell pipelaying tractors to the Russians is Komatsu of Japan. Twenty-eight of the passengers aboard the Korean jetliner were Japanese. The Japanese government may therefore be far more amenable to stopping Komatsu's sales than they were in 1982.

The investment banker Felix Rohatyn has proposed that the United States consider bank loans to Soviet-bloc nations as strategic weapons and buy up, at a discount, all private bank loans to Eastern Europe. ("Loans to the East bloc," George Will said recently, "should no more be in private hands than the MX should be run by the Hertz Corporation.") This would bail out the banks (which is why, some think, Mr. Rohatyn has proposed the plan), but it would also enable the U.S. government single-handedly to declare a country—Poland, for example—in default of its loans from the West. The banks could then write off their losses for tax purposes, a cost that would be shared by the private and public sectors. The Kremlin, in the interest of maintaining stability within the Warsaw Pact, would be forced to divert vast amounts of foreign exchange, and so might be more amenable to negotiating arms reductions—for economic reasons. And the mere threat of such a move might make the Soviets a little more sensitive to world opinion than they are now.

Ideally, according to Rohatyn's plan, the French, German, and British governments would join us in buying up private bank loans; it would be in their financial interest, and financial interest sometimes seems to dictate how the nations of Western Europe deal with the Soviet Union. If the Europeans don't go along with it, however, the threat of declaring an East European country bankrupt would not be very credible, because it might be disruptive to the Western alliance.

THE FEAR of coming into conflict with our allies has made us as hesitant as the French or the Germans to disrupt economic ties with the Kremlin. If the countries of the West cannot agree on a way of doing business with Russia, this hesitancy will become even more paralyzing. And that was Lenin's intention. In a speech to the Russian Communist Party on December 21, 1920, announcing the new Soviet policy of opening up trade with the West, he explained that it would bring discord to the West, because it would set one capitalist country against another in the competition for the Soviet market. No longer would the West be able to stand united against the Soviet Union. "Is it the correct policy for us to use the discord between the imperialist bandits to make it more difficult for them to unite against us?" he asked. "Of course it is the correct policy. We have pursued that policy for four years." Lenin's blueprint for making trade a strategic weapon has been manifestly more successful than the fits and starts of the United States over the last sixty years.

The impresario Sol Hurok once defined cultural exchanges between the United States and the Soviet Union in this way: "They send us their Jewish fiddlers from Odessa, and we send them our Jewish fiddlers from Odessa." Unfortunately, the Reagan Administration, more concerned about the theatrics of East-West diplomacy than its substance, is hesitant to initiate an agreement with our allies about controlling East-West trade, so that our economic strength and that of the West in general can have a little more strategic utility than an exchange of fiddlers. Therein lies the major flaw of Ronald Reagan's big schtick policy.

JOSEPH FINDER

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An unconventional convention.

LIBERTARIAN LARK

New York

IT TOOK the Libertarian Party six hours and four raucous ballots to nominate for President a California lawyer who said that if he had to bet his life savings on the 1984 election he'd pick another candidate. Nonetheless, David Bergland—forty-eight, silver-haired, wiry, given to well-tailored suits and quiet silk ties—fought mightily for the privilege of representing the nation's third largest political party, and spreading the Libertarian credo that taxation is theft, foreigners are best ignored, and charity begins and ends at home.

By Bergland's estimate, there are no more than forty thousand party activists nationwide, and the party's principal angel and 1980 Vice Presidential candidate, David Koch, is now putting his millions into other Libertarian endeavors, such as the Cato Institute, a Capitol Hill think tank. But winning the White House seemed very much beside the point to the seven hundred delegates and alternates who gathered here over Labor Day weekend, among them a good number who have lost elections of their own. Here they could politic in regional caucuses and compare campaign tactics while savoring the delights of "real" pas-

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trami and the Brooklyn Bridge at night. A few of them also continued developing a nationwide computer system that will ultimately link Libertarian parties in all fifty states. "We will use it for outreach, communication, and party-building. It is already like a CB network, with handles and everything," said Cynthia Messina, the party's computer operations director.

Bergland's nomination was a victory for purists who preferred a dedicated ideologue and grass-roots party builder to the more mediagenic but less doctrinaire Earl Ravenal, a former liberal Democrat now teaching international relations at Georgetown University. Bergland's post-nomination press conference made it clear that this steadily growing, twelve-year-old party of the far left, right, and out may require a few more years to take hold. Its goals include dismantling all U.S. military bases overseas, ending America's role as the world's "rent-a-cop," abrogating all treaties with allies, returning to isolationism, ending the Social Security system, repealing all restrictions on trade and travel, and casting aside all laws against victimless crimes such as heroin use and suicide. Once Ravenal endorsed Bergland after the fourth ballot, most delegates swung their support too, perhaps recognizing that it really doesn't matter but hoping someday it could. For now they will concentrate on getting their team on the ballot in all fifty states.

THOUGH THE PARTY got just 1 percent of the vote in 1980 (nine hundred twenty thousand, compared with John Anderson's six million), last week's convention provided far more suspense and antic theater than is likely to be found at either the Republican or Democratic conventions next summer. There were, after all, seven Presidential candidates, including a thirty-four-year-old research scientist, Mary Ruwart, of Kalamazoo, Michigan; a retired Air Force colonel named James "Piggi" Norwood, of Waco, Texas, who said the fate of America, nay Western civilization, hung on the outcome; and None of the Above, which twice outpolled the good colonel.

This was not the way it was supposed to be. For the past few months, the nomination had seemed locked up by Gene Burns, a glib, provocative radio talk show host from Orlando, Florida. But Burns, who only registered as a Libertarian last October, withdrew unexpectedly a week before the convention. He complained that he had already reached his personal debt limit of $25,000, and said he didn't think the party could raise the $2 million to $3 million required for a credible race.

In 1980 the party raised $3.2 million, but $2.1 million of that came from David Koch. This year Libertarians must depend on the kindness of smaller contributors. Bergland says there are three campaign plans geared to treasuries of $1 million, $2 million and $3 million, and under no circumstances will he take federal matching funds or appeal to the Federal Communications Commission for equal time, since both tactics rely on "stolen" money and authority. Bergland hopes to make up in zeal what his party lacks in numbers: zeal for a free market unfettered by immigration laws, the minimum wage, OSHA, NIOSH, and all the other acronymic nemeses; zeal for free travel, without passports or visas (the party appears to have no position on shots); zeal for free trade, with no quotas, duties, or domestic content requirements; above all, zeal for freedom from taxes.

Although there are aspects of Libertarianism that might appeal to anyone who has ever been audited, drafted, or towed, there is also something chilling about a party that believes, as Bergland so fervently does, that "the government should not be in the charity business." Nor, for that matter, in the recreation, public works, defense, or security business. Bergland coupled his call for an end to public education with a wan suggestion that children of poor families who could not afford private schools might be "adopted" by corporations or individuals wishing to take advantage of tuition tax credits. Of course, in the Libertarian universe, poverty will be largely eliminated by infusions of untaxed capital into the free market and a subsequent surge in employment. Certainly poverty was not a problem for most of these delegates. A disproportionate number of them seemed to be in real estate, computers, and academia, and an overwhelming number were white, successful, and self-absorbed.

The excess of individualism did not always make for order, but it did make for high entertainment. The gentleman who was to have nominated Piggi Norwood harped instead on the need for an open convention, and announced that he had no intention of supporting the candidate in whose behalf he was ostensibly speaking. Delegation chairs used the roll call as a forum for stand-up comedy or political one-upmanship: "Nevada, the original home of victimless crime . . . Florida, which has Mickey Mouse in Orlando and a lot of Goofys in Tallahassee . . . New Jersey, the light at the end of the tunnel . . . Kansas, which leads the nation in retaliatory assaults against the I.R.S. . . . Maryland, the current home of the Piscataway Indians, the legitimate owners of Washington, D.C."

"This is a party of ideas. We are not a party that thinks balloons are going to change people's minds," said Ed Clarke, the 1980 Presidential nominee and Bergland's chief backer. Moments later, however, several delegates began distributing baby-blue Bergland T-shirts. These were all but lost among sartorial slogans paying homage to such anarchists and outlaws as Emma "If I Can't Dance I Don't Want to Be Part of Your Revolution" Goldman and Gordon Kahl, the Posse Comitatus leader who on February 13 killed two U.S. Marshals and wounded a third rather than be taken into custody for refusing to pay taxes, and then escaped to Arkansas, where, on June 3, he died in a blast of gunfire after killing a Lawrence County sheriff.

The convention occupied only three of the eight days of a crowded Libertarian calendar, which also included lectures on "The Passion of Ayn Rand," "Free Market Building Codes," "Psychiatry As a Weapon of The State," and "A Libertarian Response to the AIDS Crisis." There were

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daily tax classes for participants looking for a way to deduct the trip, and a breakfast featuring millionaire financial adviser Douglas Casey, author of *Crisis Investing*, who calls himself "a libertarian, an anarchist, and a good discordian" and who said that any form of government is odious "because it means not letting people do what they want to do." Later he told interviewers that "when people get sick, they must expect to pay to get well. If they can't pay, it's too bad. That's tough luck."

In what may have been the most purely Libertarian discussion of all, several attendees contemplated the exquisite dilemma of Siamese twins, one of whom wishes to commit suicide while the other prefers to remain living. The solution, according to Scott Bowman, a Virginia program analyst, is that "Mr. B. might just have to hire someone to remove his head in such a way that he doesn't inconvenience Mr. A."

ANNE GROER

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The cavemen cometh.

SEBASTIANI'S PLANS

Los Angeles

"ARMAGEDDON FOR DEMOCRATS" is what the party regulars are calling the Sebastiani Plan, a richly funded, Republican-sponsored reapportionment initiative that would redraw voting districts for the third time since the 1980 census. The party regulars are right. If the Sebastiani Plan survives a pending court challenge and then prevails at the polls, the Democrats are likely to lose their historic control of both houses of the California state legislature and to forfeit as many as eight congressional seats. The prospect has panicked the Democratic Party and its traditional constituencies. "It's the political fight of a generation," the state Democratic chairman, Peter Kelly, has said.

The man who picked the fight is a thirty-year-old Republican assemblyman named Don Sebastiani, scion of a Sonoma Valley wine-making family and a political eccentric in the tradition of Sam Hayakawa, Howard Jarvis, and—yes—Ronald Reagan. Until now, Sebastiani has skulked on the ragged fringes of the Republican right wing, an outsider whose lonely cabal in the legislature is dubbed "The Cavemen." He is given to baffling displays of petulance. When Sally Ride paid a ceremonial visit to the state capital, he refused to add his name to a joint resolution in her honor, explaining only that he favored sending women into space "as long as they have a one-way ticket." And when the Republican caucus finally signed off on a Democratic reapportionment plan last December—after overturning an earlier plan through the referendum process but failing to pass a follow-up measure that would have turned over the whole nasty business to a nonpartisan commission—Sebastiani condemned the compromise as "a sweetheart deal" designed only to protect incumbents.

No one took Sebastiani very seriously when he retreated to the study of his wine-country estate and started drawing a reapportionment map of his own. Over late-night cognac and cigars with a few cronies ("After we tuck the wives and children into bed," he explains, "we like to get together and shoot the shit about politics."), he concocted a new plan that looked very much like a good-government reform, replacing the convoluted district lines of the Democratic reapportionment with a series of nice, neat boxes that follow existing city and country boundaries. Those nice, neat boxes offer the state's 35 percent Republican minority an opportunity to replace the 53 percent Democratic majority as the ruling party in Sacramento. "When I saw his lines," says one strategist who helped to design the Democratic reapportionment plan last year, "I stopped laughing."

THE VICTIMS of the Sebastiani Plan would include not only Democrats—black, Hispanic, Jewish, and female Democrats in particular—but also quite a few moderate Republican incumbents. As a result, Sebastiani was forced to launch his initiative campaign last spring without the blessing (or the financial backing) of the Republican Party apparatus. But Sebastiani still managed to raise a million dollars, much of it from the same crowd of kingmakers who once sponsored the gubernatorial candidacy of a certain B-movie actor. Sebastiani spent the money on direct mail and paid signature collectors. (The latter are one of California's peculiar institutions; for a price, they will deliver enough names to put any proposition you please on the ballot.) Sebastiani needed some 394,000 signatures on the initiative petitions to put his plan on the ballot; he gathered 700,000—and suddenly Sebastiani found that he was taken quite seriously by Republicans and Democrats alike. "We dragged a lot of people across the finish line," says Sebastiani, a master of the mixed metaphor, "and now both benches have emptied."

The key to a victory for the Sebastiani Plan, as its author recognized from the beginning, was the calling of a special election by Governor George Deukmejian. Republican voters in California tend to turn out for special elections; Democratic voters don't. So the Democratic leadership did what it could to dissuade the Republican governor. They held the state budget hostage throughout the legislative session, they threatened to schedule a Democratic Presidential preference primary on the day of the Sebastiani vote to stir up some voter interest, they complained that the cost of holding the special election amounted to "a $17 million gift to the Republican Party." Deukmejian, a

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mild-mannered fellow, appeared to vacillate. But the unsentimental political operatives in the White House were perfectly willing to sacrifice a few old comrades back home for eight more Republican votes in the House of Representatives. On July 19, under considerable (if covert) pressure from the Reagan Administration, Governor Deukmejian called the special election.

December 13 is the date he chose—a date that falls halfway between Chanukah and Christmas, when the mails are crammed with holiday cards, the airwaves are jammed with commercials for Toys Я Us, and visions of reapportionment are dancing in no one's head. "We'll be bidding against Barbie doll!" groans one of the Democratic campaign managers who are scrambling to land the ultimate political account. Sebastiani vows to spend $7 or $8 million on his campaign; the Democrats will spend $5 million, although party veterans say it will take twice that amount to beat Sebastiani. And even the $5 million will be hard to scrape up, since most special interest lobbyists and political action committees are reluctant to bet on the Democratic long shot when—as one cynical Democratic apparatchik puts it—"they can always buy back in on December 14." Meanwhile, the Democrats have hobbled their own fundraising efforts by challenging the Sebastiani Plan in the California Supreme Court. No one is willing to commit much money to the campaign until the high court hands down its ruling.

What's worse, in a state where political discourse has been utterly corrupted by slick advertising slogans and superficial thirty-second spots, the Democrats will be forced to discredit a reapportionment plan that *looks* so much better than the one they have to offer. Sebastiani will fashion his media and direct-mail campaign to exploit precisely those cosmetic differences: "We're going to say, 'Look, here's one of *their* maps—it's cut up like spaghetti,' and then we'll show one of *our* maps," says Sebastiani. "It's an exercise in good government, not partisan advantage."

"Some of us call it good government," counters Michael Berman, a Democratic reapportionment expert (and the younger brother of an endangered West Los Angeles liberal, Representative Howard Berman). "Some of us call it a fix."

Sebastiani likes to point out that his own new district will actually decline in Republican registration—yet more evidence, he piously declares, of his own political good faith. In fact, discerning Democrats say that Sebastiani has drawn himself a choice of safe seats in both houses of the state legislature and the House of Representatives. So the likely Democratic counterattack will try to turn the gerrymander argument against the Sebastiani Plan itself. Berman explains: "You can make it clear that one guy in a backroom, a guy on the far, far right of the Republican Party, has put together a plan that takes care of his political future and a few of his cronies, all at the expense of—and then you fill in the blanks: blacks, Jews, Hispanics, women, and so on."

Some activists have already circulated campaign buttons that depict a jug of Sebastiani wine with a diagonal red slash and the slogan: SEBASTIANI IS SOUR GRAPES. To minimize the backlash against the source of the family fortune, Sebastiani has resigned from the family wine business. But the Democratic counterattack is still mostly a matter of wishful thinking. The Democratic delegations in Sacramento and Washington, having proclaimed their solidarity in the struggle for political survival, are mutinous and panic-stricken. Jesse Unruh, the state treasurer and former assembly speaker, was put in charge of a united campaign effort, but there is grumbling that his lingering image as the "Big Daddy" of the state legislature is not quite right for the fight against Sebastiani. Assembly Speaker Willie Brown announced that he will levy a $30,000 assessment on each Democratic lawmaker to fund the fight, but some balky incumbents are stashing away their money in anticipation of tough reelection campaigns if the plan passes. And Democrats are bitterly divided over how to spend their limited resources—on conventional media advertising, direct mail aimed at Democratic constituencies, or an absentee-ballot campaign like the one Governor Deukmejian used to beat the Democrats in 1982. So "Armageddon for Democrats" means not only the risk of losing the legislature, but the prospect of a new era in which the Democratic survivors are haunted by the question: "Who lost Sebastiani?"

JONATHAN KIRSCH

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Going broke on tax breaks.

STATES AT WAR

IF YOU THOUGHT the war between the states ended in 1865, consider South Dakota and Minnesota. Last fall South Dakota started buying advertisements for itself on Minnesota radio stations. Minnesota's governor-elect, Rudy Perpich, fought back with some slogans of his own—zingers like SOUTH DAKOTA IS 50TH IN EVERYTHING and WHEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING IN SOUTH DAKOTA, YOU'RE STILL IN SOUTH DAKOTA. The feud continued on "The MacNeil-Lehrer Report," which on March 18 featured Perpich and Governor William Janklow of South Dakota debating the merits of their states.

As South Dakota and Minnesota illustrate, states are not shy about running down the competition. In 1978 a TV commercial touting Texas's business climate featured a hand chipping away at a huge block of ice. The spot ran on WNBC-TV in New York—in the middle of the winter's biggest blizzard. Florida will spend $650,000 this year on magazine and newspaper ads, and will sponsor forty-two

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MICHAEL V. KORDA

GUNS ARE NOT THE PROBLEM.

There is a general assumption that urban intellectuals are "anti-gun." I suppose it's true, up to a point—but there are exceptions, and I'm one of them. Actually, I think there are probably a lot more exceptions than most people imagine. The problem is one of hypocrisy.

I know plenty of people in the liberal media who take a strong anti-gun position professionally—but will confess privately that they enjoy hunting (or did when they were kids), own rifles and shotguns and, in some cases, even carry a pistol for self-defense (with a license, I hasten to add).

This is hardly surprising. People come to the city to succeed, to "make it" in the "big-time," but they bring with them the memories and the pleasures of growing up elsewhere, where life is simpler, and those memories and pleasures, for many, include guns. They discover very quickly that an interest in guns (and to a lesser extent in hunting) do not represent popular attitudes in the urban elite. There is enormous social pressure, in academia, the media, among many "liberal" businessmen and politicians, against gun ownership—indeed, in many places where these worlds meet, an interest in guns is a social stigma, the kind of thing that produces instant hostility, even incredulity. So those who *do* like guns, keep quiet about it.

In fact, in New York City, when a recent court order made the names of pistol license owners a matter of public record, it was enlightening to see the way in which some of the more distinguished members of the media and the business elite tried to prevent their names from being quoted in the newspapers as pistol owners—myself, frankly, among them.

Those with a taste for irony may be amused to note that the Chairman of the Board of a major newspaper, perhaps the leading and most powerful voice against ownership in the United States, was also revealed to be a gun owner, as were several of the TV news celebrities of the major networks, which take an unyielding anti-gun position on the air. It's tough to swim against the tide. I know one media superstar who hunts and has even taken a combat pistol course, but wouldn't admit to it in public any more than he would confess to a case of herpes. In the years since the Kennedy assassination, gun ownership, among the urban elite, has come to be regarded with a certain degree of fear and loathing.

Those of us who are gun owners have to stand up and be counted. But we also have to explain—patiently and with due regard for the fact that guns are a charged issue to many people—that civilian disarmament is *not* the answer to crime, that the shooting sports are one of the oldest of American traditions and that there is nothing necessarily wrong in gun ownership.

A few generations ago, most Americans grew up around guns, and learned something about them at some point in their lives. This is no longer true. More people live *in* the big cities than outside them, and their only exposure to guns may be in crime situations. At the same time, our young men no longer perform military service. The rise of women to positions of power and influence has further complicated the issue, since women in general are less "interested" in guns and hunting than men.

Thus, while the gunowners of America are portrayed as a monolithic giant by the press, we increasingly represent in fact something of an embattled minority group. Nor are we stereotyped. I know plenty of people in New York City who are NRA members—including a fashion model, a journalist, a lawyer renowned for his work for human rights causes, a talk show host, and an internationally celebrated doctor.

For myself, I confess my own interest in guns without apology. I was educated in Switzerland, where we were taught to shoot in school, and where every citizen is armed. I had ample opportunity in World War II and in the Hungarian Revolution to observe what happens to people who are not able to defend themselves from tyranny because they're disarmed, or have never *been* armed. I learned in the hunting field both the pleasures and the awesome responsibility of shooting a gun, and thanks to a long and close friendship with R. L. Wilson, the distinguished author of THE COLT HERITAGE, I have also learned the quiet, contemplative pleasure of gun collecting—for rightly or wrongly, in the manufacture and embellishment of firearms one can find the finest expression of America's industrial skill and invention, just as one can find in target shooting a sport which combines a Zen-like discipline with a lot of excitement and action.

Guns, I believe, are not America's Number One Problem, or even America's Number Two or Number Ten Problem. Cars, cancer, accidents in the kitchen or bathroom, all kill far more people than guns do. It is not *guns* we should be frightened of, but the effects of poverty, lack of education, a judicial system that sends criminals and psychopaths back out into the streets (or lets them off with derisory sentences), a political system that seems unable to rebuild the declining cities, or restore full employment, or train people for the new jobs of a post-industrial society.

Guns are not a solution—we all know that. But they're not the problem, either!

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sales missions to cities like Cincinnati and Buffalo in hopes of persuading their industry to expand in Florida. But it's not all talk. In self-destructive economic wars like the one between Minnesota and South Dakota, the ultimate weapons are "incentives"—lowering business taxes to lure business.

Smokestack-chasing is a popular stopgap for state legislators struggling to bring in or keep jobs and revenue. The tax breaks are designed not so much to steal old businesses—it is rare when a plant leaves one location for another—as to help the state compete in the lucrative market for new ones: three-fourths of the *Fortune* 1000 companies located a new plant in the past five years.

The competition to offer tax breaks has escalated into a domestic arms race in which each state tries to demolish its tax base just a little more thoroughly than the next, the better to attract the industry to build it back up. To make up for the lost revenue, states—many of which are constitutionally required to balance their budgets—must choose to raise taxes on individuals or cut spending for programs such as education and highways.

TAX BREAKS come in many different forms. Illinois, for example, forgoes $400 million a year on a tax credit for investment, a temporary break for new businesses on property taxes, and a sales tax reduction for business equipment and farm machinery. And when Congress passed President Reagan's 1981 accelerated depreciation bill, allowing businesses faster write-off on their federal taxes for plants and equipment, states could choose whether they wanted to adopt the tax breaks at the state level as well. Thirty states, including Illinois, chose to go along with accelerated depreciation. Illinois will lose $1 billion over the next five years as a result.

Partly because of a steady increase in business tax breaks since the late 1950s, the business share of state and local taxes has dropped. In 1957 businesses paid 37 percent of state and local taxes; in 1977, the last year for which an accurate figure is available, the business share was 30 percent. (There has, of course, been a much more dramatic shift at the federal level. In the 1950s and 1960s, business taxes averaged 25 percent of federal receipts. This year, thanks in large part to the Reagan tax cuts, businesses will pay less than 5 percent.)

Even though the recession and Reagan's "New Federalist" shift of programs to the state level has put more of a burden on state treasuries than ever before, states continue to increase business tax breaks. The total cost in forgone tax revenue to the states is—well, no one knows. Since forgone tax revenues are as truly expenditure as is spending for unemployment insurance or roads, it's surprising that states and cities don't keep track of what they lose in tax breaks. But while spending budgets are figured down to the dollar, estimates of tax expenditures are usually rounded off in the millions. One example is the city of New York. A recent report by the city's Department of Investigation said New York's tax incentive program had inadequate records and no written guidelines: "No reliable estimates of annual exemption commitments are available."

Not only does New York have no idea what it's spending, it doesn't know what it's buying. This is not unusual; states and cities seldom know if their tax breaks create jobs. The reason is that the businesses interested in lobbying the legislature to grant tax breaks are not interested in ensuring that the legislature monitors them later. With no group pushing for follow-up information, the tax break is forgotten.

Because states know few details about their tax breaks' costs or effectiveness, they cannot use the incentives selectively to produce maximum jobs and revenue at minimum cost. Instead, the nature of tax breaks ensures the reverse—tax breaks are in general most attractive to businesses with the fewest jobs. Because the most common tax breaks reduce taxes on property and capital, they inherently favor capital-intensive business. The incentive likely to attract job-intensive business is a payroll tax break, yet only eighteen states offer this kind of incentive. Moreover, tax breaks are more important to the expansion of large businesses than to the creation of small ones. With the exception of property taxes, most small businesses simply don't care about taxes in their first few years because they don't make enough money to pay any. Most will never care at all—the majority of small businesses are unincorporated and so pay personal, not corporate, income taxes.

The issue of big vs. small is an important one because, at least in the case of jobs, the romantic affection Americans feel for small business is grounded in fact. The pioneer study in this area, done by David L. Birch of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, found that two-thirds of all new jobs came from firms employing fewer than twenty people. A state interested in jobs should encourage small entrepreneurs, and that means using methods other than tax breaks.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, a state interested in attracting *any* business should look to methods other than tax breaks. Businesses are more interested in good education, services, and infrastructure than in tax breaks. This point is no secret in the business community. "Taxes are not the basis for a location decision," William Brown, head of the Council of State Chambers of Commerce, acknowledges. "Businesses take them because they are there." Study after study of corporate executives done by business organizations and *Fortune* magazine shows that business taxes are consistently less important to location decisions than access to customers, productivity of workers, availability of labor, and transportation.

Surveys of states by organizations have drawn the same conclusion. In 1981 the Council of State Planning Agencies asked executives of new or recently expanded firms why they chose their locations. The study ranked business taxes thirteenth on the list of deciding factors—well below access to customers, raw materials, transportation, and skilled labor, and one notch below even personal taxes. It is particularly instructive that of the businesses that re-

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ceived tax abatements, fully 80 percent did not know about the abatements when they decided to move. They moved for other reasons—and then applied for the break because it was there.

As an illustration of how little low taxes affect growth, look at two states with dramatic growth rates, California and Massachusetts. They cut themselves into the high-tech boom not with tax breaks, but by marrying businesses to universities, providing highly educated labor and being close to good markets. Last year California had the tenth highest taxes and Massachusetts the fourth highest of the forty-eight contiguous states. Ohio and Indiana, by contrast, have been leaders in offering business tax breaks and are among the four states with the lowest taxes. Both are in serious economic difficulty, and a study by the Conference of State Manufacturers' Associations ranked Indiana's business climate twenty-ninth and Ohio's forty-fourth.

To understand why taxes are relatively unimportant, look at business expenses. State and local taxes make up 2 to 3 percent of a firm's total cost. Labor, by contrast, can account for 40 percent—and many of the states that have low taxes, such as Ohio and Indiana, have high labor costs. Moreover, with tax breaks, the state gets only half the incentive it pays for because businesses can deduct state taxes from their federal tax bills. It's a form of revenue-sharing in reverse—for every dollar the state offers in a tax break, about half goes to the federal government.

IT'S CLEAR to most people in the business community and in the organizations that study state development that tax breaks are just not decisive factors in business location decisions. It's also clear that businesses have demanded—and gotten—substantial tax breaks in every state. To understand how this anomaly came about, look at a situation where taxes *do* play a part. This is typically after a business has narrowed its search to one region, where all the choices may offer very similar labor markets, access to customers, and other variables. The business then can incite a bidding war, one state against its neighbor, to improve the deal.

Hence California's 1974 tax exemption for cargo containers. Warned by shipping industry and Longshoremen's Union lobbyists that California would lose business and jobs to Seattle without the exemption, state legislators quickly passed a temporary abatement. The lobbyists then traveled north and persuaded Washington to grant a *permanent* exemption lest that state lose business to Oakland and Long Beach ports. Washington obliged. Later the lobbyists went back to California and extracted a permanent exemption there, too.

Despite the fact that tax breaks are less important to business than other factors, several features make tax rates useful currency for bidding wars. In the first place, the benefits are concentrated; businesses would prefer to have a state spend its money on projects where the benefits go exclusively to business—tax breaks rather than road repair, for example. Almost as important, a tax break is immediate. Just about everyone now agrees with Robert B. Reich that a preoccupation with short-term profits encourages business to forgo real improvements in productivity. The same is true with tax breaks. Corporations have a strong incentive to demand business breaks instead of long-term improvements in the business climate. Would you want to be the corporate officer who has to explain to stockholders why you didn't lobby for a tax break?

But the best reason for businesses to ask for tax breaks is that state legislators are happy to provide them. States have little control over labor laws or the state's proximity to markets, and making improvements in infrastructure and education takes time. So when residents clamor for more business, the fastest and easiest palliative is a tax break. Gradually, tax breaks have become an automatic response. State legislators believe they must offer them to stay in competition for business. No one wants to join the race, but staying out is the tax equivalent of unilateral disarmament.

As a result, states already strapped by recession, business closures, and federal budget cuts are forced to cut business taxes to unacceptably low levels to stay competitive. The drain on their treasuries then produces either tax hikes for individuals or budget cuts—often in the very areas states should be building up to create a good long-term business climate. The states lose; people lose; and because services, education, and infrastructure suffer, businesses lose.

That's the bad news. There is some perverse good news: many states are so financially devastated that they've been forced to think twice about tax breaks. New York, for example, recently canceled its Job Incentive Program Credit, a plan that offered credits against corporate franchise and property taxes. And many of the new Democratic governors elected in 1982 are determined to make business a full partner in rebuilding their state treasuries.

The prospects of ending the domestic arms race are, nevertheless, dim. On May 24 and 25, five Great Lakes governors and one lieutenant governor met at an "economic summit" in Cleveland. Two of them, Robert Orr of Indiana and Lieutenant Governor George Ryan of Illinois (representing Governor James Thompson), had long been advocates of tax breaks for business. The other four, all new Democrats, drafted a pledge not to raid each other's businesses, but the Republicans pulled out and the agreement fell apart. "We're not going to sit on our duffs and fail to tell Indiana's story," Orr announced later in a press release. Even if this attitude is becoming less prevalent, just one Robert Orr is enough to keep the cycle of tax breaks alive. Ending the competition to offer businesses tax breaks will require the equivalent of a fifty-nation START agreement, and is just about as likely.

TINA ROSENBERG

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Penance and Protest

It's an age of cinematic penance. Within a year, we get *Gandhi*, made by Britons and largely financed by the British, which flagellates their civil servants in India; then *Ways in the Night*, produced by West German TV, which dwells on German cruelties in wartime Poland; and now *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*, a Japanese film which, though it also attempts other themes, features Japanese barbarities to British prisoners in World War II.

Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence
(Universal Classics)

Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence is based on a novel by a South African, had a British producer, and inevitably has a number of British actors, including David Bowie, but it must be called a Japanese film. The director was Nagisa Oshima, who made the notorious *In the Realm of the Senses*; Oshima was co-author of the screenplay (with Paul Mayersberg); the film was his project originally; and, of course, most of the cast are Japanese. Among seriously intended films from Japan, *Mr. Lawrence* is one of the worst I can remember.

First, it's atrociously photographed. This point comes first because one assumes with a Japanese film that, whatever else may be true of it, it's going to look exquisite. But penitential subject matter apparently clouded the sensibility of the cinematographer, Toichiro Narushima. He flashes one cheap postcard after another before our eyes, one ludicrously lurid dramatic moment after another, and David Bowie is lighted throughout so as to look like a pre-Raphaelite Jesus.

The source of the screenplay was *The Seed and the Sower* by Laurens van der Post, who lived in Japan before the war and who was captured on Java by the Japanese while commanding a guerrilla unit. This double experience is split between two characters in the film (perhaps also in the novel, which I haven't read). Bowie is a captive guerrilla officer; in prison camp, he meets a British major, played by Tom Conti, who had lived in Japan and knows Japanese. With Conti's perception of Japanese character, with Bowie's heavy load of private guilt that becomes manifest as we plod along, the script blunders toward some kind of mystical view: a tension between the prisoners' sufferings and the austere self-discipline of their captors. The Japanese habitual beating of prisoners is "balanced" with the Japanese willingness to commit hara-kiri for default. But the film's structure is so clumsy, so pat, so irritatingly protracted that the attempted spirituality becomes just a pain in the neck, a metaphysical meringue plopped on one more Japanese prison-picture pudding. Anyway, much of what this film bungles was achieved twenty-six years ago in David Lean's *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.

And *Mr. Lawrence* has an offensive finish. After the war, the surviving British major visits an imprisoned Japanese sergeant who had both bullied and befriended him in camp. The sergeant is under sentence of death. The major says that, in the Japanese camp, the Japanese thought they were right; now the British think they're right; and in fact nobody is right. This seems to imply that it made no difference who won World War II. Without forgetting the A-bomb, we have a right to some nausea.

About Bowie's acting, not much can be said. He provides his epicene face for differing makeups and shots, and he attempts a number of different expressions. Tom Conti plays the Japanese-speaking major with cocktail-party witiness but without much credibility as a high-ranking British field officer. (And all the prisoners seem remarkably well fed.) Ryuichi Sakamoto, though his face is patently painted, does a good Yukio Mishima imitation as the camp commander. Beat Takeshi, as the conventionally brutal but humorous sergeant, has some burly appeal.

In the Realm of the Senses brought Oshima lavish praise—more, I thought, for his daring than his directing. Unbolstered here by eroticism, his talents look dwarfish.

I happened to be in London on August 30th, thus saw an extraordinary letter in *The Times* of that date. It was long, and was signed by thirty-six British film workers—directors, producers, actors, and writers—including Lindsay Anderson, Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Peter Hall, Hugh Hudson, Glenda Jackson, Richard Lester, Michael Palin, Harold Pinter, Karel Reisz, and John Schlesinger. The letter began by saying that, different as the signers all obviously are, they all

> believe passionately and urgently in the importance of film production, both as a national economic asset and as a manifestation of our country's cultural and imaginative health.
>
> It is habitual to accuse artists of impracticality and self-indulgence. These are precisely the charges we level against governments and other political organizations which have failed—and which continue to fail—so significantly to tackle the problems of British film production and to support British film makers.

The letter admits that the Thatcher government, "priding itself on its economic realism," has expressed belief in the British film industry, but so far that

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Grey Fox. In 1901 a train robber returns to his trade after thirty-three years in prison. Richard Farnsworth, a bit player for decades, charms completely.

Pauline at the Beach. Sexy summery comedy in Eric Rohmer's delicate hands. More symmetry than significance but highly pleasurable.

Ways in the Night. Poland occupied by Germans. Played by Poles and Germans, excellently. Written and directed by Krzysztof Zanussi with moral and dramatic insight.

Zelig. Another unfinished symphony from Woody Allen. But what there is—of this story of a metamorphosing man—is dazzlingly and pointedly done.

SK

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government has only offered tax incentives. Profits from films subsidized in that way "end up either in off-shore tax havens or in the United States."

The letter proposes two actions. First is the extension of the Eady plan. At present this is a tax on film-theater receipts (one-ninth of everything over 7½p charged for a ticket), which is paid into a fund to help British filmmakers. But the letter says that only 3 percent of the films viewed in Britain are now seen in theaters. "The levy should be extended *immediately* to manufacturers and distributors of blank video tape, as is being done elsewhere with considerable success."

Second, and "much more important," is the vitalization of the National Film Finance Corporation so that British film can "survive not merely domestic economic hazards, but the ever-increasing economic power (based on its vast home market) of the American film and television industry." The letter cites cognate government support in other countries: £70 million in France, £40 million in Germany, £3 million in Sweden. The British government provides "£1.5 million annually. And the Eady Fund continues to shrink."

It is "folly to sell off to America at bargain prices" the "proven talent, vitality, and profitability" represented by British filmmakers.

> In terms of national pride and prestige as well as significance to the entire British people, films are certainly as important as theatre. . . . We urge our ministers to act now, with decision.

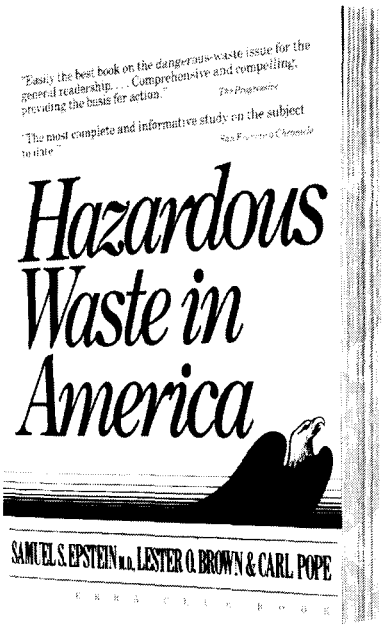
I quote this letter at length because it helps to explain why certain countries can still provide an occasional film of serious worth; why the quantity and quality of British films have dwindled; and why the serious American film is becoming more and more rare.

The letter makes me feel a chill blowing toward filmgoers from the future.

A wry note: It would be dishonest to omit the fact that one of the signers was Jeremy Thomas, who produced *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence.*

Personal penance: Last week I inexcusably let a reference to Peter Yates and one of his films slip into my review of *The Star Chamber,* which was directed by Peter Hyams. I can't think of much worse to do to either of those men than burden him with a picture by the other. Apologies to them and to the reader.

"Everyone with interest in his own welfare must become informed on this subject; *Hazardous Waste in America* is a large first step." —*Los Angeles Times*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A controversial *Ring* comes to television.

By Wagner Possessed

By David Denby

"THE BAYREUTH *Ring* on television proves unlistenable to and unwatchable by any serious Wagnerian." With this passing jibe, Andrew Porter, *The New Yorker*'s estimable music critic, and a very serious Wagnerian indeed, dismissed last spring the only complete performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* that many of us are likely to see in our lifetime—the notorious *Ring* first staged in 1976 by Patrice Chéreau, finally broadcast on public television last winter and spring, and due to be rebroadcast this fall. Crankily, and with more than a twinge of envy, I reflected at the time that it was all very well for Porter to ignore the TV *Ring*, for he would undoubtedly go to Bayreuth in the summer of 1983 and take in the new "romantic" *Ring* produced by Peter Hall and conducted by Sir Georg Solti. (He subsequently did, and filed a report, largely negative, on August 29.) Even if the rest of us could afford Bayreuth —and only plutocrats consider the trip—we might not manage to get hold of tickets; in Germany subscriptions are handed down like heirlooms, from generation to generation, leaving only a modest number of seats in the small auditorium (roughly half the size of the Metropolitan Opera House) for the general public. So, although recordings and printed Wagneriana will be plentiful in this centenary year of the composer's death, the televised cycle is as close as Americans are likely to get to hearing Wagner's masterpiece the way he intended it to be heard.

Porter, as I hope to explain, is wrong, or at least too cavalier in his judgment. Denounced at various times by book, pamphlet, newspaper article, and petition, this particular Bayreuth production, known as the "French *Ring*," (the conductor was Pierre Boulez), has many, many weaknesses. But it is also fascinating, exciting, even revelatory—at least when viewed on television. Opera on television may be impure, a hybrid and a reduction, but it's a compromise that works for millions of people, especially Americans, who generally have little Italian and less German, and who may not mind reading subtitles if doing so allows them to understand, for once, what is going on. Porter cannot possibly be a purist in these matters, since he has devoted himself heart and soul to the cause of opera in English (his 1976 translation of the *Ring* cycle, available in a Norton paperback, is a classic—unpretentious, lucid, often pungent and funny). But Porter believes in sung English, so perhaps it's the use of subtitles he hates (and not his translation of the text, either). If so, some of us will forcibly disagree.

Having packaged the cycle for maximum popular enjoyment, public television then lost its nerve. Scared of what a concentrated dose of Wagner would do to its ratings, PBS broadcast the operas over so long a period earlier this year that many people who might have gotten interested in the *Ring* wound up seeing one act of an opera in January, another act of a different opera in March, and thus lost any sense of the work as a whole. But now individual stations are going to make amends. The New York and Washington stations are going to give the cycle again on the nights of September 20, 21, 22, and 24—almost the four successive days that Wagner had in mind. Boston will offer the *Ring* in a similarly concentrated way in December, and other stations will undoubtedly follow suit. The recording has also been released (on Philips); and Unitel, the German company that produced the broadcasts, will eventually issue the videotapes for home consumption. This media-age *Ring* will probably keep turning up for years, and it should not be merely dismissed. Even its weaknesses and eccentricities yield intimations of the glory that eludes us.

"Consider well my new poem: it contains the beginning and end of the world!" So Wagner wrote to Liszt when the text of the *Ring* was published in 1853. He had not yet written a note of the music; it was to take him an additional twenty-two years (including one immense hiatus) to complete the project. In America, Wagner's outrageous creation, easily the greatest modern example of epic art, has had to overcome a hundred obstacles in every generation merely to establish itself as anything but a joke. People who like to think of themselves as sophisticated find it embarrassing to be attentive to fat sopranos in breastplates and yellow braids. Liberals bristle when it is mentioned: was it not Hitler's favorite work of art? Its length is a scandal; its obscurities notorious and, for many, unrewarding. On first hearing, the music itself—loud, portentous, with something medieval sounding and colossally redundant about it—inspires ridicule.

But it also inspires a kind of awed curiosity. In every generation Wagner's greatness finally wins out, overcoming his own refulgent absurdity, his racism and anti-Semitism, his truly remarkable personal unpleasantness. Even the Nazis, misrepresenting his artistic aims while claiming him as the fountainhead of the Third Reich, have been unable to destroy his reputation. "The most violently controversial artist known to history," as the great Wagnerian conductor, Wilhelm Furtwängler, called him, inspires a new biography virtually every year. As if to compensate for the paucity of great Wagner performances, the scholarly, critical, and bibliographical industries work overtime. In this flood of print, astonishing in its variety, some of the most notable recent contributions would include the vast diaries of Wagner's second wife, Cosima, which cover, in exhaustive detail, the events of the master's life from 1869 to the day of his death in 1882; the appearance in English of Theodor Adorno's study from the late 1930s, *In Search of Wagner* (New Left Books; distributed in the United States by Schocken; 159 pp., $14.50), a loving, tormented, Marxist critique; Deryck Cooke's eminently sane, straightforward, antitheoretical study of the *Ring* cycle, *I Saw the World End* (Oxford, 360 pp., $22.50), unfortunately left unfinished at Cooke's death in 1976; the useful compilation, *The Wagner Companion* (Cambridge, 462 pp., $42.50, $10.95 paper), whose most interesting and also eccentric contribution is Michael Tanner's "The Total Work of Art," in which Wagner is analyzed and praised in the unmistakable vocabulary of F. R. Leavis (the composer is claimed for "moral seriousness," for "centrality," and for "life"). In addition to Hans

David Denby reviews films for *New York* magazine.

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Jürgen Syberberg's profoundly Wagnerian *Our Hitler*, there is also his recent film of *Parsifal*, in which Wagner's peculiar, creepy, but very beautiful final work is encumbered with a thousand ideas about art history, about Germany, about theater and film.

Whatever culture of their own people bring to Wagner seems to prosper in the moistly nourishing atmosphere of his life and art. The source of this obsession, of course, is the music itself. From the beginning, Wagner's power has struck music lovers as dangerous, even sinister. Prolonged exposure to his mature works not only satisfies to the point of exhaustion, it has the peculiar effect of driving all the other music—even Bach and Mozart and Schubert—out of one's head. Wagner digs his way into the unconscious because his method is a simulacrum of the way the unconscious works. A number of related thematic ideas are stated, developed, varied, broken down into fragments and reminiscences, and then built up again into climaxes of staggering power. Everything is foretold, prefigured, recalled, reinterpreted. The scores are literally haunted. In the *Ring* cycle, this mad organicism goes on for seventeen hours. One opera, reaching full blossom, is folded into the next as a reminiscence, where its themes blossom again in altered form. Thus for the listener, the recollection of a given phrase leads inevitably, by association, to the recollection of another, or to a repetition of the first in some transformed state. Soon one thinks only of Wagner.

From the great recordings, we know the orchestra should have a dark and rich string section, with the sound built up from the bass line, and full, ringing horn tone—precisely the qualities lacking in most American opera-house orchestras. That is why, with the best will in the world, one cannot get too excited about the *Ring* cycles that are staged, in both German and English, every summer in Seattle, or by the efforts of the Dallas Opera, which has been doing one opera each season, working up to a full cycle. By 1985 the San Francisco Opera, which has a good orchestra, will be doing the entire cycle, and this may be the best current hope for a quality American *Ring* (if the community lets the company persist: after *Rheingold* and *Walküre* were staged at great cost, there were calls in the local press for the resignation of the company's director).

As for the Met, whose tours and radio/TV broadcasts make it our only true national company, it has a fine orchestra, and music director James Levine has achieved a wonderful new richness of tone with it in recent performances of *Tannhäuser* and *Parsifal*. In the past few years, the Met has given some of the individual operas of the *Ring* (under mediocre conductors) but no complete cycle. The Met's wariness is understandable. How could this company, with its seven-performances-a-week schedule, find the rehearsal time to prepare these fantastically complicated scores? To achieve results comparable to Bayreuth's, the Met would have to set aside a few weeks at the beginning or end of the season, a few weeks entirely given over to the *Ring*. A festival atmosphere, utter devotion, unique concentration—the whole solemn, semisacred apparatus that Wagner demanded and that anti-Wagnerians have always found ludicrous—may be the only practical way of doing the *Ring*.

PETER HOFMANN AS SIEGMUND AND JEANNINE ALTMEYER AS SIEGLINDE IN 'DIE WALKÜRE'

At the moment, compromise is the necessary condition of our hearing the *Ring* at all. The TV *Ring* is one such compromise; concert performances another. What concert performances offer is the chance to hear Wagner's orchestra in all its astonishments of sonority and color. In his magnificent 1933 essay, "Sufferings and Greatness of Richard Wagner," Thomas Mann wrote, "Too much to ask that the E-flat major triad at the beginning of the *Rheingold* be called music. It was not. It was an acoustic idea: the idea of the beginning of all things." In the theater, however, certainly one the size of the Met, the idea of the beginning of all things is often realized imperfectly: the basses holding their pedal point can't quite be heard, or the horns, with their endless arpeggios, crack somewhere during that gigantic span of 136 bars. In April, Georg Solti and his Chicago Symphony gave a complete *Rheingold* in Carnegie Hall, and the great Chicago horn section was flawless, the instruments rising from the fundament of tone, chunky, solid, falling back then rising again, echoing each other with greater and greater power—an orchestral miracle. And there were many other miracles. In the orchestral bridge between scenes two and three, for instance, which depict the descent through the sulphurous crack to the slave world of the dwarfs, Nibelheim, the pounding timpani and brass and the near-deafening unison anvils suggested a brute poetry of the industrial age—metallic and unrelenting.

Both Solti's recording of the complete cycle (with the Vienna Philharmonic, on London) and Herbert Von Karajan's (conducting the Berlin Philharmonic, on Deutsche Grammophon), with their spectacular sound, magnificent orchestral playing, and mixed vocal strengths

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and weaknesses, offer the benefit of an integrated view—massive yet charged up in Solti's case, lighter, more radiant in detail, more refined (though with plenty of power in reserve) in Von Karajan's. Yet both performances, taped over a number of years, suffer from overcalculation, sluggishness, and impersonality, the vices that seem endemic to modern large-scale recording projects. If one listens instead to the famous cycle recorded live on the stage at La Scala in 1950 by Wilhelm Furtwängler, reissued on the Fonit Cetra import label (not to be confused with another, less successful Furtwängler *Ring*, recorded in 1953 in Rome and available on Seraphim), one feels transported back to a more spontaneous and subjective style. Furtwängler, universally regarded as the greatest of all Wagner conductors, opens a window on the nineteenth century. Yielding to the dramatic impulse of the moment, he sets tempos that are far from consistent; he encourages the strings to play portamento and allows the singers a good deal of freedom in their phrasing. They respond by sounding as if they had lived in the roles all their lives.

The musical side of the TV *Ring* has none of this intensity, especially not Pierre Boulez's conducting. Boulez, working with the marvelous Bayreuth orchestra, thins out the string tone and brings inner voices forward, as well as bits of tinkling wind detail, undulating strings, the glinting of harps—all sorts of color and sparkle that get smothered in the other sets. There is a side to Wagner's artistic temperament that Boulez obviously detests—the thick, late-romantic luxuriousness, the world of long golden hair, fleshy "maidens," silks and satins and stuffs. He removes what he takes to be the kitsch voluptuousness, the Teutonic solemnity from Wagner's music; no one could call *this* Wagner a fascist. Listening to Boulez's work, we get the shock of a modern view. Just as our reading of Kafka has helped us see the grotesque and absurdist side of Dickens the Victorian sentimentalist, Boulez's mastery, as conductor, of Debussy and Berg and his own pointillistic compositional practice lead him to emphasize Wagner's harmonic radicalism, the endless virtuosity at variation and development, the contrapuntal mastery.

And yet for all its marvels of clarity and color, Boulez's *Ring* is not likely to satisfy anyone hoping for a deeply emotional experience of the music. For Boulez robs the *Ring*, consciously, methodically, of its grandeur. In his essay for the Bayreuth program booklet (reprinted in *Boulez in Bayreuth*, Phonogram International, 1981, $18.95), Boulez made a list of Wagner clichés:

> The abuse of tremolos, the excess of diminished sevenths, the incessant repetition of sequences, the empty cadential formulas, the shallow rhetoric of dotted rhythms. . . . And indeed, we could say much more about all that which is outmoded, about those heroic compensatory gestures, those sentimental commonplaces, the down-to-earth militarism, the stiff ritualization of processions, funerals, and what not.

Actually, Boulez has already said "much more" about these things: without reading this essay, you would have known that Boulez did not quite believe in the *Ring* from the perfunctory way he moves through some of its climactic moments, including the transcendentally beautiful love music at the close of Act I of *Walküre*, or the orchestral passage, with its lovely, wandering violin line, as Siegfried ascends the mountain in search of Brünnhilde in Act III of *Siegfried*. In other words, it is not merely the "empty cadential formulas" that embarrass and bore Boulez; he also finds vulgar and second-rate music that many of us consider beautiful, moving, highly original, and, in any case, completely necessary to Wagner's vast groundplan. In this bizarre essay, he praises Wagner's ability to transform his thematic materials in one passage, and then, a few paragraphs later, attacks the big moments as banal—precisely those moments, of course, when Wagner's endless returning to the quarry finally pays off. What one misses in Boulez's work is that awesome expansiveness—the cataclysmic force thrusting outward from a molten core—that makes the conducting of a Furtwängler or a Solti so thrilling. In Boulez's conducting, and in his glib remarks, one hears an avant-gardist's way of making Wagner acceptable to the fashionable, a ploy that has the effect of denying that the music is about anything but the notes themselves. Alas, Wagner the progressive turns out to be a duller composer than Wagner the fascist.

Boulez's aesthetics are perfectly matched to the antimythic, antiheroic approach of Patrice Chéreau, the young theater director who mounted this *Ring*. Busily inventive, Chéreau has swept away the last vestiges of the notorious stand-and-sing Bayreuth style insisted on by Cosima during her long reign earlier in the century. Chéreau's *Ring* is a thoroughly *acted* one, rough-and-tumble, openly sexual, often violent and cruel, with much falling, sliding, collapsing, shoving and perhaps more

FRANZ MAZURA, MANFRED JUNG AND FRITZ HUBNER IN 'GÖTTERDAMMERUNG'

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scenes played from the floor than in any theatrical event since Olivier's on-the-decks *Hamlet*. Everything is worked out physically—and yet there is none of the usual fake opera-stage bustling. Chéreau, a great theatrical image-maker, builds each section toward a climactic emblem of eros or power. Concluding his "Farewell," Wotan picks up Brünnhilde in his arms and carries her to the rock where she will be claimed by the first man strong enough to breach the encircling flames—the father carries his daughter across the threshold to her future husband, an oddly self-punishing act that perfectly defines Wotan's quandary. Much later, in *Götterdämmerung*, after Siegfried, fogged by a love potion, has given Brünnhilde to Gunther, she is led home in triumph by that vain weakling with her head down, hair streaming, white-gowned arms spread apart—a broken Winged Victory of Samothrace.

Of all the productions of the *Ring* that I have heard about, this was the most anguished. For its moment-to-moment life, Chéreau's staging depends on expressionist notions of existence as psychological torment, almost as if Wagner's conflicts between desire and principle, his sense of the past as a burden, had passed through the lens of *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*. Like Boulez, Chéreau hates the Victorian aspect of the *Ring*. His modernist aesthetics leap back to early rather than late romanticism—to Hoffmann perhaps, and the Brothers Grimm. He seems thoroughly at home in the more fantastic and grotesque ranges of German art: the dwarfs and giants were the most sympathetic and thus the most tormented I have ever seen.

Wagner drew on a variety of sources for the plot of the *Ring*—the Scandinavian legends of the *Volsunga Saga*, the Icelandic *Prose Edda*, as well as the German *Nibelungenlied*. Selecting and altering characters from his legendary sources as best suited his purpose, he gave to these antique personages a modern consciousness as complex as that of any group of characters from nineteenth-century drama or fiction. A good part of the text of the *Ring* can be enjoyed in the same way as *The Wild Duck*. Yet a variety of hints and touches and of course *all* the music suggest a much grander purpose than psychological drama. The *Ring* was intended as an allegory of the relations of law, power, and greed.

At the very beginning of the cycle, the malevolent dwarf Alberich disrupts the state of nature by stealing the gold from the Rhine maidens and forging the ring, which gives him absolute power. Wotan, the chief of the gods, then steals the ring from Alberich, but rather than throw it back in the Rhine or keep it himself, he gives it to the giants as payment for the building of Valhalla. Thus organized society commences with a violation of nature and a crime (Balzac would have approved this notion). In the second and third operas, *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried*, Wotan, hemmed in by the laws and contracts that legitimize his rule, devotes himself to a incredibly complicated scheme—the development of a new race of human heroes, led by Siegfried, who will win the ring and keep it out of the hands of Alberich and his descendents. It is the elaboration of this scheme, so suggestive of the mystique of power, that has led to so many volumes of delirious exegesis.

In Chéreau's production, if one steps back from the moment-to-moment activity of the stage, the general interpretive framework could be described as neo-Shavian, taking off from Shaw's provocative, amusing, notoriously unsound notion, expounded in *The Perfect Wagnerite*, that the composer had set out to write an allegory of capitalism and socialist revolution. Chéreau thus passes over Wagner's obvious intention to give some account of the origins of organized society. He sets the operas in the late industrial period, starting, in *Rheingold*, around the time of the work's composition (1850s), and ending, in *Götterdämmerung*, in the 1920s; the costumes change from silk coats and ruffled shirts to tuxedos with high collars, the settings from dynamo wheels to luxuriously neoclassical modern houses.

So what happens to Wagner's Norse myths? Some of the familiar elements are still there, but in altered, modernized form. The anomalies and absurdities pile up. For instance, The Rhine Maidens, Wagner's impish guardians of nature, turn out to be strumpets hanging around a hydroelectric dam, which is clever and funny but hardly fits Wagner's musical intention in the opening

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bars of *Rheingold* to present "the idea of the beginning of all things"; Wotan, the head of the gods, stands holding his spear while dressed in the morning coat of a nineteenth-century prime minister; the Woodbird, singing of the future to Siegfried, shows up in a cage, like a domestic parakeet.

WHAT'S WRONG lies deeper than directorial vanity or simple inattention to Wagner's directions. Chéreau's intellectual mistake was to take one highly specific meaning that some people have found in Wagner's reworking of Norse myth and establish it as a single historical reality. Literalized in this way, the work is less an allegory than an historical drama with bizarrely old-fashioned mythic touches and too-obvious symbols. Wagner intended Wotan's spear, for instance, to serve as the actual means of his power as well as the symbol of legitimized violence. Carried around by a man in modern dress, it seems at first no more than an archaic *reminder* of power, like the mace at Buckingham Palace; when it is shown to have actual power after all, we feel that something is wrong—either that spear or the morning coat does not belong on stage.

In Germany, all of this has caused a predictable uproar. Several books attacking the production have appeared, and a group called Actionkreis für das Werk Richard Wagners continues to this day to send out huffy pamphlets to critics and editors all over the world denouncing Chéreau's "errors." My own view is that Shaw and the other commentators who have reworked the *Ring* cycle in their heads as an allegory of the class struggle may be responding to certain events of Wagner's personal history in too literal-minded a way. Wagner did have a vaguely socialist phase in the 1840s. He hobnobbed with Bakunin, read Feuerbach, Proudhon, and perhaps even Marx. In the 1848-49 uprising, he wrote pamphlets, made speeches, got himself on the wanted list in Dresden, and eventually had to flee. Yet these activities strike one as the expression of an excitable dilettantism, not as the exercise of a deeply felt political vocation. Wagner immersed himself in politics as a voluptuously egotistical means of self-expression. He was neither a genuine political man nor a systematic political thinker.

A sensible reading of the political origins of the *Ring*—of the kind first suggested, I believe, by Mann—would take into account Wagner's life as a young composer-conductor in the provincial opera houses of the 1830s and 1840s, and his disappointing experiences in Paris, where he tried unsuccessfully to get his own operas produced. Disgusted by the frivolous popular taste of the time, the obvious audience enjoyment of spectacle and pomp (Spontini, Meyerbeer, Auber, and the like), he retreated into severe and exalted notions of artistic creativity. For him, art became something pure and holy—either ancient Greek or German. Art was Aeschylus and Sophocles, and Mozart of *The Magic Flute*, Beethoven, Goethe, and Weber. A bourgeois audience that liked the Jew Meyerbeer *had* to be corrupt, and from his distaste for the audience he may have conceived the need for a cleansing revolution. In his polemical writing of this period (like *Art and Revolution*, 1849), his calls for revolution are closely tied to the hope of creating a new audience for art—the audience for his *own* art, we might add. He was a messianic self-promoter, an early example of a show-business deep-thinker.

Set in the prebourgeois world of Norse myth, the *Ring* was intended as a challenge, a passionately desired alternative to the bourgeois world, not as a blueprint for revolution. Wagner was indifferent to the dictatorship of the proletariat; what he wanted, at least in the late 1840s, when he was composing the text of the *Ring*, was an end to a civilization dominated by money values. He created his hero, Siegfried, as a man beyond greed, yet he allowed Siegfried to be overtaken by ambiguity and failure before he could make a revolution. Siegfried (whom Shaw bizarrely associated with Bakunin), the natural man, "the man of the future," often seems little better than a stupid bully; many people have been drawn instead to Wotan, the representative modern figure, who wrestles with the contradictions of power and legality.

AND, as it turns out, the television cameras are a lot kinder to the self-questioning ruler than to the bumptious young hero. Wotan's extraordinary monologue in Act II of *Walküre*, which can be a little tedious in the theater for an audience understanding little German, becomes an overwhelming experience on television. Chéreau has his Wotan (the Welsh baritone Donald McIntyre) turn his back to Brünnhilde and to the cameras as well, delivering the monologue into a mirror; at the climax of the narrative, as Wotan reaches intensities of self-knowledge and self-disgust worthy of Ibsen or Strindberg, he removes the patch over his hollowed eye socket—a gesture of mortification that would be almost meaningless in a large theater but that startles on a small screen.

THIS CLOSEUP medium suits certain aspects of Wagner's epic art very well. Always the perfect setting for domestic squabbling, television now brings us the snits and quarrels of the gods. Its powers of magnification reveal many small details of Wagner's musical and dramatic construction as never before. Wagner, a rather ambitious nineteenth-century psychologist, always saw his characters as divided or unaware of their true motives; in many scenes, the clashing, overlapping leitmotifs reveal what characters can't openly admit. On television, the monologues and long passages of wrangling, which display Wagner's cunning, his sneakily accurate perceptions of self-interest and self-deception, can now be enjoyed with something like ease. Chéreau's singers, like most contemporary Wagner performers, leave much to be desired in the way of vocal warmth and luster, but they are all good actors. Their faces are right before us; the text is printed below, the music comes out of hi-fi speakers (many public TV stations broadcast the operas with FM simulcast). And so the web of fear, desire, and greed emerges clearly from the shadows.

Chéreau's theatricality, intensified by the close-in view of the camera, serves the existential side of the *Ring*—the moments of self-definition—very well. But he hasn't framed an adequate interpretation of the cycle as a whole. Chéreau's notions are obviously too narrow, and so he joins the long list of interpreters and commentators—Marxist, Jungian, humanist, fascist, heroic vitalist, creative evolutionist—who have seized on one or another leading element in the *Ring* and made it the entire principle of the work. After every such attempt, operagoers are left pointing to elements that remain contradictory, anomalous, or just plain baffling.

In the final opera, *Götterdämmerung*, the tensions and contradictions in Wagner's undertaking rise to the surface. It

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is an opera whose musical mood—a mood of colossal dejection—seems, at times, bizarrely unsuited to the text. No such remark could possibly be made about the other operas. For *Die Walküre*, which is about the power of love, and also the heartbreaking limitations of love, Wagner wrote music that is both tenderly and heroically lyrical. *Walküre* is all of a piece, and so is *Siegfried*, however distasteful some of it may be—the long passages of Siegfried's bullying of Mime, for instance, or the interminable, trumpeting love-duet at the end, which must be the least intimate love music ever written. Yet even this music, conveying as it does the sense of Siegfried and Brünnhilde's joining as a kind of public consecration, is perfectly justified as a setting of the text.

Götterdämmerung, like the other operas, has its characteristic sound—dark, looming, portentous. But the principal characters, particularly the Gibichung clan, who trick Siegfried, hardly seem worthy of the awesome brass chords, the sheer dark weight of the music. Siegfried, the greatest hero, the most perfect man the world has ever seen, towards whose creation three vast operas have been straining, collapses in his first adult trial without even a serious struggle, and he takes the world down with him. Wagner has presented the coming of Siegfried as if it were the birth of a new religion. How, then, are we to interpret this sudden disintegration? Does Wagner mean to question the cult of the hero, the man-of-the-future panegyrics that he has sounded himself? As one watches the destruction of Siegfried, it is hard not to feel that *Götterdämmerung* is the greatest anticlimax in the history of art.

Yet after the death of Siegfried, whose funeral march, at least, suggests the greatest of men, Wagner does succeed in uniting his conflicting intentions. Thus far the music of the opera has been dark, dark, rolling over us like a black cloud without end, overwhelming in its slow-moving but inexorable drive forward. At the end, text and music at last meet on the same level of grandeur, dramatizing and bringing together Wagner's two fundamental themes. All along he has tried to develop and intensify the doom-ridden mood surrounding the perversion of the gods by greed and, at the same time, to celebrate Siegfried, the hero, who will save the gods and the world. As late as the last act of the opera, we

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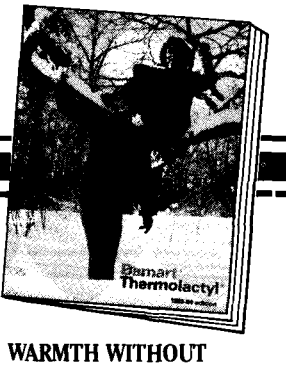

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are told that the world will be saved if the ring is returned—in other words, if the rule of greed and power-worship is abjured and a natural state restored. Siegfried, the crown of Wotan's labors, has no interest in the ring as power, but Siegfried is betrayed and slain, and it is only when the grief-stricken Brünnhilde rides into the flames at the end of the Immolation Scene that the ring falls into the Rhine.

And yet the world goes up in smoke anyway. Why? For a while Wagner had toyed with an ending in which Siegfried and Brünnhilde, united after their mutual betrayals, ascend to Valhalla to live with the gods in triumph, but he threw it out. Deep down he wanted, he needed, the climax of utter catastrophe. Addicted, in the years of composition, to the pessimism of Schopenhauer, he embodied his deepest notions about the futility of will in the tormented character of Wotan, who becomes so disgusted by his own treacheries and compromises that he ends up willing only one thing—his own destruction. That choice seals the world's fate. Because Wotan no longer wants to rule or live, the world collapses with Siegfried, even though the ring is returned to the Rhine.

If the cycle asks the question of what force shall govern the world, the text alone suggests, and then rules out, two answers: it will not be the force of legitimized violence (i.e., laws), nor will it be the natural man, whose heroism is so complete it is unmarked by intelligence. In the end, it is the music that provides a kind of answer. For the last time, Wagner recalls his most powerful thematic ideas, combining them at the highest level of terror and exaltation. Summing up, Brünnhilde insists that she now understands everything ("*Alles, alles*")—the need for Wotan's treacheries, the cause of Siegfried's betrayal—and Wagner brings back the beautiful, consoling theme that commentators have called "Redemption through Love."

The music is still reaching upward as it finally fades away. The gold has been restored to the Rhine; the world has returned to a state of nature. Existence has not come to an end, just the society of men. What will rule the world in the future—for such is the hope held out—is a love as forgiving and powerful as Brünnhilde's. Musically, the end overwhelms one's lingering doubts about the conceptual coherence of Wagner's epic. The *Ring* cycle is an example of organic musical construction without parallel in art—not just a world but an entire cosmos generated out of its constituitive elements. Self-referring, inexhaustible, Wagner's violent creation ends in an upward-sweeping, consoling theme perfectly emblematic of renewal.

THE MAN WHO LOVED MOVIES

A Passion for Films: Henri Langlois and the Cinémathèque Française
by Richard Roud

(Viking, 218 pp., $16.95)

Three months before the turmoil of May 1968, there had already been street marches in Paris, clashes with the police, and denunciations of official infamy. The French government had sought to dismiss Henri Langlois, co-founder and head of the Cinémathèque, the most prominent, controversial, and theatrical film archive in the world. Film students, the movie directors of the world, and even other archives (no matter that they deplored some of Langlois's methods and despaired of him personally) joined in the protests. They in turn were augmented by anarchists, communists, and nonfilmgoers sniffing the larger issues and the teargas of May.

There were reasons to be unhappy with Langlois. Government action had been prompted by nothing more than fears of inefficiency in his archive. There had been few meetings of the Cinémathèque general assembly; there were rumors of one-man rule and chaos in the records. But just as de Gaulle had scarcely heard of Langlois, so the firing underestimated the passions the man commanded. Langlois was a godfather to the New Wave, the best teacher of Truffaut, Godard, and all the others, the guardian of great old movies. When he was himself attacked, the young rallied to protect him, just as if he had been a rare nitrate print.

Why not? Until about 1950, all films had been printed on nitrate-based stock. It was volatile; it could turn to jelly, or ignite. But purists argued that nitrate was more vivid than the safer acetate stock that replaced it. Langlois preferred the older, less stable, more passionate chemical. "He loved nitrate," said Kenneth Anger, the American avant-garde director. "For him it was a living, breathing thing that could die of neglect."

Richard Roud is an unashamed partisan of Langlois, impressed by the quirky, unpredictable texture of his life. An American who has spent much of his working life in London and Paris, Roud first met Langlois in the late 1950s. He had been asked by the British Film Institute to write a book on Max Ophuls, several of whose films survived only in the Paris Cinémathèque. So he went there, with an appointment to see Mary Meerson, the widow of art director Lazare Meerson, the woman who lived with Langlois and his fellow worker at the Cinémathèque. Roud waited for most of a day, and happened to turn to an untended typewriter to catch up on some correspondence.

You wonder if Langlois had been prowling the corridors, waiting for just such an indiscretion. For, "Suddenly, a wild-eyed man, enormous and dishevelled, erupted into the room and asked me what the hell I thought I was doing." Roud explained. Langlois sensed a spy, someone sent by the hated British archive to steal prints. Roud denied this. Whereupon Mary Meerson arrived and she and Langlois began screaming at one another. Passion and paranoia reigned for a terrifying moment. Then at last, Langlois subsided.

> Either because he had not succeeded in frightening me away, or because he understood that I really wanted to see the Ophuls films, he calmed down, gave me a half smile, almost winked—as if to signify that I had passed the test—and said, "Okay, Madame Meerson will arrange your screenings."

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So much of Langlois is in that story: the wild bear, driven to extremes by suspicion; the cross-purposes in his organization; the bully and the patron who believed in the chosen and required their utter loyalty; the fear of most foreigners; and the instinct that had decided long before to make sure that he had as much of Max Ophuls as it was possible to find. Above all, perhaps, there is the sympathy for anyone who wanted to *see* films, instead of checking whether they were correctly catalogued and stored at the recommended temperature and pressure.

LANGLOIS KEPT films to show them. That's why many archivists disapproved, and why filmmakers believed they owed their inspiration and their audience to him. Film is a perishable commodity. To this day, when a movie is shot, its original negative is horribly vulnerable to scratch, loss, or accident. It is banked away and touched as seldom as possible. Duplicate negatives are made, but they lose something in quality; and dupes of dupes lose more. As the years go by, the great films become less than their radiant selves. A print cannot be projected much more than a hundred times without that battering dulling its shine and diminishing its experience. We are seeing prints of the classics further and further removed from that original vision. That is why so many people now believe that silent pictures were crudely photographed.

The essential archival response to this dilemma is that the best remaining prints and negatives must be preserved—and not shown, for showing wears them out. It is like having the Mona Lisa, but keeping her in the dark because light slowly but surely eats out the pigment. No one was more opposed to Langlois's policy than Ernest Lindgren, director of the National Film Archive in Britain. Lindgren was as lean and dry as Langlois was large and explosive. He hated to run his prints. They were being kept for posterity—to which Penelope Houston, the editor of *Sight and Sound*, once replied, "When does posterity begin?"

To put it another way, when does a living art die? There are films we have lost; there is an era of color that is fading into a kind of pink jaundice; and there are films that no longer play with the excitement they once had—because times have changed and most movies are transient, ephemeral, and dependent upon that surge of novelty that makes it feel vital to see *Return of the Jedi* the very day it opens. Old films are the less for coming to us without the romance of their hype and our exhilaration at being the first viewers.

Langlois had an exceptional feeling for film as a living thing. Without scientific training or verification, he claimed that it was beneficial for films for them to be taken out of their cans occasionally and exercised—as if they were dogs to be walked around the block. But that also had to do with his flair as a programmer. He was not an archivist by instinct, and that, I think, is why he permitted films to be buried, stacked in the courtyard, and very vaguely catalogued. There was a showman and a teacher in Langlois who loved to mount an evening of rare wonders—a Raoul Walsh, a Mizoguchi, and an Eisenstein—based on some stylistic continuity that only he had seen.

In Paris the Cinémathèque was always known for its various theaters and the idiosyncratic policy of throwing masterpieces at the public. On countless days the films played were not those promised. But in the space of a couple of years in Paris one could see the vital history of the medium. Archivists are not supposed to be partial; their duty is to all celluloid. Langlois saved anything and everything, and that made for many of the problems for his overcrowded, understaffed operation. But he was emphatic and personal in his tastes, and it's relevant to say how right they were. Langlois saved, restored, and thereby redeemed Feuillade, Gance, Renoir, Ophuls, Sternberg, Murnau, Lang, and so on. When we think of how far young French critics in the 1950s rewrote film history, we should realize that they were watching the parade of Langlois's taste.

That said, the confusion and the paranoia were destructive. Langlois was not above wondering whether he had employed spies. He made a dramatic withdrawal from the Federation Internationale des Archives du Film (F.I.A.F.) because he worried that some of them were pirating prints. Yet it was also because he was a tyrant, a maverick, and a recluse sitting on top of cans he had never himself opened. In 1968,

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the authorities alleged that films had been lost and damaged in his care, and that the lack of proper records made scrutiny impossible.

Not even Langlois's closest supporters can deny all those charges. The gravest loss of all was *The Honeymoon*, the last surviving trace of the second half of von Stroheim's *The Wedding March* (1928). *The Honeymoon* was impure: it had been put together by other hands. Still, it contained authentic Stroheim material. All who saw it recognized mastery. And the only print was lost in a 1959 fire at the Cinémathèque, a fire in the courtyard. Roud turned up the next day. He saw the ruin and the anguish in Langlois's eyes. In hindsight, he sees the good and the bad: "In a well-run archive, films would not be piled up in an open courtyard on a hot day." On the other hand, no one else had ever thought to find the footage, restore it, and put back the original soundtrack. "Langlois's defects were the other side of the coin of his qualities."

That's the extent of Roud's challenge to the memory of a man he admired and with whom he worked as program officer of the London National Film Theatre, and then director of the film festivals in London and New York. As one who gained acceptance at the Cinémathèque, he doesn't seek to expose the unruly master. We get a sense of Langlois in person—the moods, the contradictions, the irrational fears, the eating, the insistence on passion, and the band of women assistants (Mary Meerson, Lotte Eisner, and Marie Epstein). But it's a fact that Langlois lost many supporters, especially in the last decade of his life. Moreover, Roud has kept discreetly away from the question of Langlois's private life—not quite irrelevant, for his own neuroses surely fed the mixed motives of this very secretive showman.

THE GREATEST value of this book is the clear outline it gives of Langlois's career and the history of film archives. Langlois himself encouraged folklore—for instance, that during the war a silent army of patriots and cineastes had kept film cans under their beds and in their barns. Roud makes it plain that the Cinémathèque survived the war as well as it did because Frank Hensel, a German and president of F.I.A.F., was stationed in Paris during the Occupation and able to requisition the Palais de Chaillot cellars as storage space. He also reveals how in *l'affaire Langlois*, it was the intervention of the Motion Picture Association of America that made the government back down. Roud also reports the argument that in his later years Langlois put too much money and time into mounting his Museum of Cinema—a dazzling, fertile exhibit of sets, costumes, pictures, scripts, and trivia, and further proof that Langlois was a man born to amaze and delight the public.

But 1968 may have been too heady for him. It made him a public figure; it brought invitations to teach in Canada and to found a Cinémathèque in New York, always an unlikely venture. Going to the barricades may have exhausted much of his support and the patience of his best friends. Roud does not blame, but he notes how few of the 1968 protesters were at the 1977 funeral.

Langlois was a flawed man and a curator who aired his films a little too boldly sometimes. But, as Roud argues, he was a key instigator of the last great burst of creative energy in filmmaking: the New Wave. America has so poor a record in preserving its own films that the story of Langlois's efforts makes a great lesson. It was Langlois, after all, who rescued Louise Brooks when she was forgotten in this country. He was an archivist who defied preservation. For he said that five or six cans of safe celluloid only seem to be a film. A real movie is an illusion of life thrown up on a bare white wall. It cannot be there without the print being put at risk. Film's vitality cannot prevent death.

DAVID THOMSON

David Thomson is the author of *A Biographical Dictionary of Film* and *Overexposures*, both published by William Morrow.

CHIPPING AWAY AT FREEDOM?

The Rise of the Computer State
by David Burnham

(Random House, 273 pp., $17.95)

The Media Monopoly
by Ben H. Bagdikian

(Beacon Press, 282 pp., $14.95)

Technologies of Freedom
by Ithiel de Sola Pool

(Belknap Press/Harvard University Press, 299 pp., $20)

In Orwell's *1984*, Big Brother's watchful eye is a two-way television screen. Since 1977, in Columbus, Ohio, subscribers to an interactive cable service called "Qube" have been able to respond to their television sets by means of a palm-sized keypad that sends messages to a computerized control center. Orwell saw in two-way television the capacity for manipulation and evil; subscribers to Qube and other interactive cable services get to judge talent shows, resolve moral dilemmas, take educational quizzes, react to Presidential speeches, go "teleshopping," even to make matches on a dating game called "Singles Magazine."

Orwell's fateful year is almost upon us just as a new age in communications is beginning. Should we shudder at the inauspicious coincidence? Will we have Thought Police? No privacy? No freedom to express ourselves? In order to wade through the essays, symposia, books, and documentaries that ponder the implications of 1984, we need to separate real fears about the future from vague anxieties, which means we need

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to concentrate on technological and legal realities, not Orwellian visions.

The best description of what is happening today in communications—telephone, telegraph, television, radio, cable, satellite, data banks, fiber optics—is perhaps what Ithiel de Sola Pool calls the "convergence of modes." Previously distinct communications systems are merging; established definitions and regulations are thus suddenly inaccurate if not altogether obsolete. Behind the convergence is the increasingly widespread use of electronics' new lowest common denominator: digital bits. To "digitize" something is to reduce it to a code of nothing more than "on" and "off" switches. The reduction of all kinds of communicated information to digitally coded bits changes the structure and economics of communications systems drastically. Bits can be both transmitted and stored more easily, cheaply, and efficiently, and can travel over many kinds of wires and cables. Structurally, that means that previously distinguishable systems (telephone wires, computer lines, cable television cables) are rapidly becoming indistinguishable. Economically it means that homes, office buildings, schools, neighborhoods, even entire cities will be tying into large communications systems for all sorts of services.

THE technological upheaval has engendered social and legal ones. AT&T is being broken up; its lines are being used for teletext and data transmission; radio and television broadcast regulations are being rescinded at a scary clip; department stores, banks, and other organizations are storing information about us that previously was too cumbersome or costly to store; office complexes are being built that have satellite connections to other office complexes; whole cities are being wired with cables that will be used not only for television but also for videotext, teletext news, security systems, public educational services, and more. Access to multiservice communications systems will be a new measure of the American standard of living.

In all of this, the specter of a wider gulf between the haves and have-nots clearly looms. But it's on the more manageable issues of personal freedoms and privacy that Orwellian visionaries focus. They are anxious about centralized control of data, the ease of censorship, and the proclivity to monopolization of electronic resources and systems. We are bound to get many lumpy and conflicting laws governing electronic communications; we will, however, have much less to fear if general policy and judicial decisions are formulated with the protection of the First Amendment ("freedom of speech, and of the press") and the Fourth Amendment ("the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures") kept foremost in mind.

THE SUBTITLE of David Burnham's book, *The Rise of the Computer State*, has that ominous tone publishers like so much: "The Threat to Our Freedoms, Our Ethics, and Our Democratic Process." The book also has the kind of foreword publishers like: one by a celebrity—in this case, Walter Cronkite. Cronkite has hosted a TV documentary on the fateful year of 1984, and has written short prefaces about it elsewhere. But what Cronkite knows about digital electronics isn't evident, and what he says about 1984 here (in all of twenty-two sentences) is mere rhetoric: "while we are only too aware now of the danger of losing everything in a nuclear holocaust, there is also a danger of losing it all in the green glow from a little phospher screen."

The Rise of the Computer State is about the threat that the collection, storage, and transmission of information poses to our Fourth Amendment privacy rights (though Burnham doesn't discuss the amendment, or the common law of trespass). Credit companies know many things about our finances; so does the I.R.S.; so do insurance companies, who also know many details of our personal lives, as do hospitals and medical institutions; hotels and rent-a-car agencies know where we went, and when; the telephone company knows whom we called, and when; the F.B.I., C.I.A., N.S.A. (National Security Agency) and other government agencies have information about us in computerized files. Of course there are benefits to be had from such centralized information, but once we give information about ourselves to an organization, how can we control who else sees or uses it? What happens when data banks share their information with each other, or third parties?

Burnham's is an entertaining book,

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bends back its unhoused greaves.
The lumbering darkness
combs it into soft
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studded with anecdotes about computer-system abuses. Piecing together interviews with governmental officials and Japanese, Burnham relates the interesting story of how information collection by the U.S. Census Bureau was used by the Justice Department to identify one hundred twelve thousand Japanese living in the West—in spite of the fact that the Census Bureau's charter reads "in no case shall information furnished under authority of this act be used to the detriment of the person or persons to whom such information pertains." Among the many revelations he offers, Burnham shows in detail how the N.S.A., which has no legal charter, was able, by means of eavesdropping, to apprise President Carter (and the Israelis) of U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young's clandestine meeting in Manhattan with P.L.O. representative Zehdi Labib Terzil.

Unfortunately, the book's organization makes it difficult to assess the potential dangers to privacy. There are amorphous chapters ("Power," "Surveillance," "Data Bases," "Values,") instead of well-defined discussions of organizations and their computer systems, which would have allowed for systematic examinations of their charters, histories, structures, and the actual likelihood that they would misuse or abuse their systems. Burnham also doesn't talk about remedies, which is inexcusable, because there are many. Private organizations to which personal information is voluntarily surrendered could be required to have you sign a written consent form that specifies if and under what terms it may rent or sell information about you. There could be restrictions on the transfer or sale of information to third parties. The right of the individual to see and correct information could be enforced. The company could be made liable to keep records secure. Government agencies are thornier, to be sure, but one might begin with the restriction that no government agency may share information with any other government agency and work backward to identify any exceptions. These are all points that Burnham avoids. From what he offers—ominous and detailed stories about computer abuses interlarded with the philosophical admonitions of some computer science experts—it is almost impossible for the reader to learn anything useful about these threats to privacy.

Similar questions about who controls lines of communications concern Ben Bagdikian in *The Media Monopoly*, but he sounds slightly different notes from Burnham. Only one note, actually; for what he does through most of the book's nearly three hundred pages is inveigh against "the fifty corporations that control what America sees, hears, and reads." Those corporations, primarily involved in data transmission (not collection or storage), include newspaper chains such as Gannett, Knight-Ridder, Scripps-Howard; TV and radio networks such as CBS, ABC, NBC, Metromedia; book and magazine publishers such as Time Inc., Times Mirror, Hearst; and media conglomerates such as MCA, Gulf + Western, and Warner. Bagdikian's concern is fundamentally a First Amendment one. Free speech and a free press are free only to the extent that wires, cables, and airwaves are available to all. If the press is too much a part of corporate culture, we cannot depend on it to report on a huge facet of American life—corporations, especially corporations that work with the government—objectively. We also cannot depend on it to give us bad news that may make it less conducive to the advertising upon which it is dependent. If the channels of communication are too much controlled by corporations, the quality of public discourse will be diminished.

Bagdikian is a serious, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and media critic, and the corporate monopolization, or at least centralization, of media power is obviously a subject close to his heart. Nevertheless, there are no clear and specific arguments here; his book is almost all innuendo, or mere dissatisfaction with the state of media culture. Bagdikian would persuade us not by logic but by passion and appeals to our culture's prior antipathy toward successful corporate enterprise.

Much of the first pages are merely lists—the fifty corporations, what properties each owns, which ones are biggest—presented without much commentary, as if none is necessary. But

PANTOUM ON PUMPKIN HILL

The goldenrod sheds pollen in the butter.
The lawnmower, just before it stops, goes sputter.
The valleys echo roars from the wood cutter.
I write a word down; mouth it; finally utter.

The lawnmower, just before it stops, goes sputter.
My mother sinks to sleep with gentle snores.
I write a word down; mouth it; finally utter.
Quiet is sifting in from out of doors.

My mother sinks to sleep with gentle snores.
The typewriter cricket clicks its code.
Quiet is sifting in from out of doors.
The white cat pounces at a tardy toad.

The typewriter cricket clicks its code.
Upstairs you pace, you halt, you mark out time.
The white cat pounces at a tardy toad.
I chew a fingernail and find a rhyme.

Upstairs you pace, you halt, you mark out time.
Stand on the balcony, survivors; stare
(I chew a fingernail and find a rhyme)
At something time has no more terrors for.

Stand on the balcony, survivors; stare.
Never before have I dug quite so deep
At something time has no more terrors for
Beyond the honeyed film of summer sleep.

Never before have I dug quite so deep.
The world is fragile, old, and very small
Beyond the honeyed film of summer sleep
I follow syllable by syllable.

The world is fragile, old, and very small.
We've shrunk to dolls, our rhetoric's a mutter
I follow syllable by syllable:
The goldenrod sheds pollen in the butter.

RACHEL HADAS

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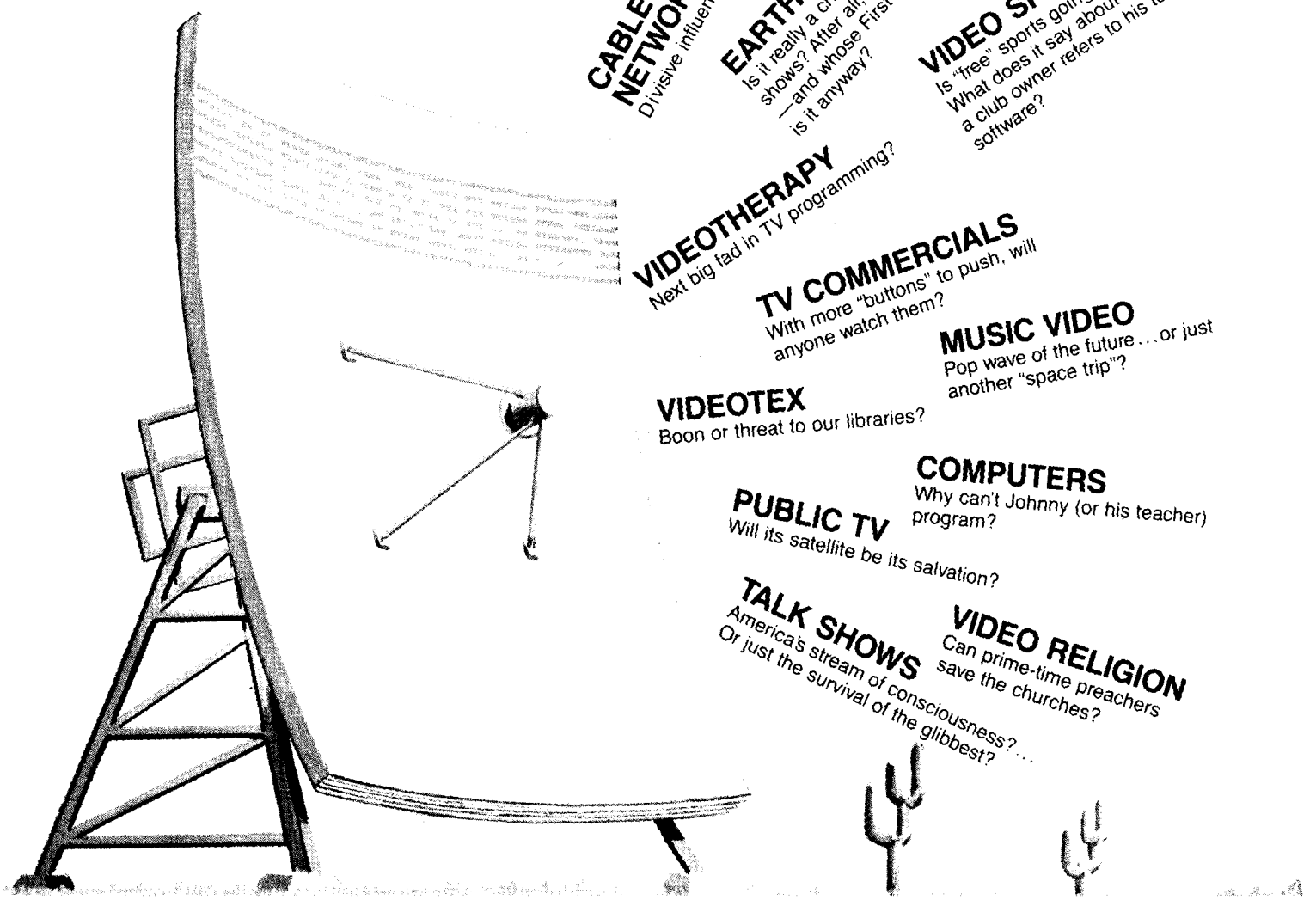
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Divisive influence on society?
EARTH STATIONS
Is it really a crime to "steal" pay TV shows? After all, whose backyard —and whose First Amendment— is it anyway?
VIDEO SPORTS
Is "free" sports going down the tube? What does it say about society when a club owner refers to his team as software?
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Next big fad in TV programming?
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With more "buttons" to push, will anyone watch them?
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Pop wave of the future . . . or just another "space trip"?
VIDEOTEX
Boon or threat to our libraries?
COMPUTERS
Why can't Johnny (or his teacher) program?
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how concerned should we be that McGraw-Hill publishes not only *Architectural Record*, *American Machinist*, and *Chemical Week* but also *Engineering* and *Mining Journal*, *Fleet Owner*, and *Modern Plastics*? Following those lists is the old bugaboo of interlocking directorates (people who sit on the board of more than one corporation); and much is made of owners interested only in the bottom line.

But often where Bagdikian sees smoke, there's only smoke. For instance, what is the point of such charges as "of the many manuscripts rejected by publishers every day it is possible that some are instantly recognized as contrary to the personal politics of the owner or governing board of the publishing company?" Of course, it's possible. But so what? Surely Bagdikian doesn't deny *The New Republic* or *The National Catholic Reporter* or *The Advocate* their inherently "exclusionary" personal politics. Are large corporations to be denied their owners' personal politics? Why? There might indeed be a good answer, but most of this book merely dances around it. Bagdikian also never wrestles with specific contradictions to his thesis. How can he explain the increasing number and sophistication of books and articles about corporate and financial doings even as more corporations own more magazine and book publishing companies? How can he explain the fact that now in book publishing, electronics having made entry into the field easier, about half of the industry's annual $8 billion in revenue is generated by companies that publish twenty-five or fewer titles a year and have annual sales of $3 million or less?

One aspect of the media's corporate culture *is* brought into focus quite well: the important, explicit connection Bagdikian draws between American democracy and locally based journalism:

> Voters in communities across the United States regularly elect five hundred thousand local officials to run sixty-five thousand local governmental boards and committees. Local officials govern schools, courts, zoning, water, fire, police, and other vital functions. Even the national government has a locally based democracy in the House of Representatives. . . . No national paper or broadcast station can report adequately the issues and candidates in every one of the sixty-five thousand local voting districts. Only locally based journalism can do it, and if it does not, voters become captives of the only alternative information, paid political propaganda, or no information at all.

But Bagdikian doesn't discuss localism at length in a constructive context, such as the F.C.C.'s local programming requirements. He relegates such practical discussion to his final pages—hardly the place it belongs at a time when the F.C.C. is eliminating local program rules with impunity, when House and Senate subcommittee members are confronting the issue, when the economics of digital-electronic systems are likely to concentrate media power even more. Bagdikian's polemic wins some of our sympathy but little of our confidence.

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine a more comprehensive and sensible book about new technologies and personal freedoms than Professor Pool's *Technologies of Freedom*. He is thoroughly versed in communications law and its evolution, knows the technologies so well that he can explain them without jargon, and understands the place of communications technologies in American history. He also writes with precision. His masterful synthesis of technology, law, and history provides a context in which potential threats to our personal freedoms are depicted in a realistic light.

Pool does not dwell on Big Brother, or on the corporate culture of media. He does not predict, or fear, a single, gargantuan communications and information network. There are many good reasons for this. Technological advances in a capitalistic society strain such order. Inducements to be part of such a network might not be sufficient. The increase in sophisticated home computer and video equipment is a decentralizing force. Monolithic organizations inevitably arouse Americans' suspicions (a proposed National Data Center was overwhelmingly rejected by Congress).

But what Pool does fear—and this fear merits our attention—is the dilution of the right of free speech as all modes of communication become increasingly electronic. "In three domains of communication—print, common carriage, broadcasting—the law has evolved separately, and in each domain with but modest relations to the others." As these three domains merge into one or more large communications systems, new laws will be patched together to regulate them, and the patchwork will be made of old laws reassembled and reapplied. In that patchwork, the rights of free speech might be just another thread.

In the domain of print, most of our traditional notions of free speech are most clearly evident. The lesson of *Areopagitica*, John Milton's classic 1644 protest against British government acts to license printers, was not lost on America's Founding Fathers; and it has not been diluted much in over a hundred Supreme Court decisions protecting the print media from encroachments on their First Amendment rights. There are differences between freedom of speech (which is personal) and freedom of the press (which is institutional), and there are modifications of both that have been applied in various situations—if there is a "clear and present danger," if there are sufficient balancing public interests, if the speech is obscene or otherwise unprotected, or if the speech is part of an illegal act, such as fraudulent stock offerings or misleading ads. But for the most part free speech is alive and well in the print media.

When it comes to postal service, telephones, and telegraphs, social and economic realities make absolute free speech rights so impractical and even undesirable that "common carriage" was created. Because it makes little sense to have more than one efficient system of mail or wires in a city or region or country, a common carrier is allowed to become a monopolistic organization. But because social equity demands that the system be complete and that any user who wants to have access has it, common carriers must abide by such strictures as rate regulation and nondiscriminatory access rules. Although such access has been defended in part by the First Amendment with regard to the mail, such access to tele-

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phones and telegraphs derives from the federal government's authority to regulate interstate commerce. Most of our rights vis-à-vis common carriers can't be defended on purely free speech grounds.

Broadcasting, the third domain, is regulated in another, more complicated way. We decided not to nationalize the users of the electromagnetic spectrum, but realized that we needed a regulatory authority to choose who gets to broadcast, and to establish guidelines for what is broadcast. Still we didn't want censorship or the abridgement of anyone's First Amendment rights. That sounds somewhat contradictory, and it is. The cagiest defense of broadcasting regulation has been that the purpose of the First Amendment is to promote diverse, robust free speech, and, since broadcasters have no economic incentive (i.e., no incentive) to present opposing views, offer equal time, support public affairs programming, or ascertain a community's broadcasting needs, we must coerce them by means of regulation.

Pool fears a new communications policy in which First Amendment rights we primarily associate with traditional print media are no longer of paramount importance, mostly because print media will play a significantly smaller role in communications in the future. That policy will be formulated in a number of arenas, none of which holds much promise: the F.C.C., the courts, Congress, and the Administration. The F.C.C., currently chaired by marketplace ideologue Mark Fowler, finds "public interest" an unquantifiable, and therefore questionable, concept; Fowler's scheme for a comprehensive regulatory policy is to eliminate all rules and let might make right. Fortunately, the F.C.C. is not nearly so important as the courts and Congress in communications policymaking. But the courts, as Pool warns, cannot be completely trusted:

> The experience of how the American courts have dealt with new nonprint media over the past hundred years is cause for alarm. . . . On print, the court continues to exercise special vigilance for the preferred position of the First Amendment, but other considerations of regulatory convenience and policy are given a preferred position in the common carrier and electronic domains.

Pool is also concerned about Congress, and he is right to be concerned; turf wars have erupted among members of House and Senate communications and commerce subcommittees. In the Administration, as if their F.C.C. weren't enough, there is no strong leadership for a public-interest communications policy that addresses fears about free speech and privacy rights. A new position for "formulation and coordination" of policy was recently created at the State Department, offending the Commerce Department's National Telecommunications and Information Administration and assuring continued fractured policymaking.

Such lack of farsighted leadership condemns us to slipshod regulations, such as a controversial cable deregulation bill recently passed in the Senate. That bill would allow cable-owning companies to produce cable programming—even though, as Pool reminds us,

> A major issue for the 1990s will be how to *prevent* cablecasters from seeking the advantages of becoming publishing monopolists in their communities, controlling both the conduit and its contents [emphasis added].

Since cable is the hub of the new age in communications, such misguided policy makes it difficult to be sanguine about personal freedoms in our communications future.

Nevertheless, Pool considers the electronic age one of "technologies of freedom," and so should we. Freedom is achievable if the same First Amendment protections are won for electronic technologies as have been won for traditional print media; if carefully formulated policies force individual companies and entire industries to take the long view. We need more comprehensive books like Pool's, and more legislators and lawyers who understand that the whole of communications policy is greater than the sum of its parts, such as this television rule or that telephone regulation. If we fail to force new communications technologies to be technologies of freedom, we may not get the nightmarish world of *1984* anyway. But if we succeed in shaping more comprehensive policies, we may look forward to a more democratic world of inexpensive and plentiful information and entertainment of which Orwell never dreamed.

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FREUD'S PRINCESS

Marie Bonaparte: A Life
by Celia Bertin

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 304 pp., $17.95)

Thirty years ago, in May 1953, Princess Marie Bonaparte of Greece was at the coronation of Elizabeth II in London; she dined at Buckingham Palace, enjoyed royal garden parties, and attended an Archbishop's reception. By July 1953 she was up to her neck in French psychoanalytic politics: this analyst was to be excluded from their association, that one was to stay, a schism was in the offing, and letters flew to and from Anna Freud, some miles (and intellectually some light years) away from the Palace. To an English reader at least, this seems one of the more poignantly bizarre contrasts in Marie Bonaparte's divided life. What were her private thoughts about the young couple and the assorted royals? Was her dinner-party talk laced with psychoanalytic *apercus* or did she keep it in a separate mental compartment? According to Celia Bertin, what she most enjoyed of the experience was plucking a flower or two out of official bouquets to sniff and admire.

It was an extraordinary life, and it is all the more exasperating that Celia Bertin tells it so inadequately. The point of a good biography is to divine the shape and contours of a life, to know what were the great turning points and which the dull slopes, and to show just how that one unique shape developed. Mme. Bertin, in flat Franco-English, catalogues her subject's life without light and shadow. She has had a mass of letters to draw on, and Marie Bonaparte's own two-volume autobiography (not yet translated); much of the book reads like a hasty and humorless *précis* of the latter. Direct quotation from sources, rendered into English, would have brought the whole thing to life. As it is, one reads the life almost between the lines of Bertin's book.

The infant Marie had every kind of bad fairy round her cradle—greed, lovelessness, and above all far too much money. In the early part of her life this was to be tragic for her. Great-granddaughter of the Emperor, she was the only child of Prince Roland Bonaparte and a millionairess picked for him by his powerful mother (8,400,000 francs, with a further 6,082,566 in trust—whatever that was worth in 1882, it sounds somewhat more than peanuts). Her mother, pretty and pious, was consumptive, and the first thing done after the marriage was to take out an insurance policy on her life. Thereafter it became of vital importance that she should make a will in favor of her husband, and she was persuaded to do so. She died a month after Marie's birth, married less than two years. "What luck!" was said to have been her mother-in-law's response.

The child's solitary life was darkened by images of damage, disaster, and abandonment. She had several different nurses during her first few years; the malign grandmother and loved but elusive father remained in the background. Had her mother been poisoned by her grandmother, as one rumor had it? Had she, Marie, destroyed her mother's life through her birth? Would she herself be disposed of in turn for her fortune? The absent mother took on vengeful qualities and haunted her.

> I am sad, It is because I am sad, Poor me?
> No, so sad, never I was! . . . .
> It is in this book I put all the thinks (sic)
> that
> can soulage me!!!!!!!!!

(Her notebooks of plaints and fantasies, written mostly in English, were to figure largely in her later psychoanalysis.) It was a fairy tale childhood, in the true, dark sense of fairy tale.

The sleeping beauty was, gradually, to be freed; but decidedly not by the prince's kiss. Prince George of Greece, whom she married as an awkward, nervous twenty-five-year-old, proved a decidedly unpromising lover. "I hate it as much as you do, but we have to do it if we're to have children," was his consolation to her on the wedding night. She had hoped for a romantic father figure, but got a well-meaning, immensely stuffy bore. The next twenty years or so were spent with her children and in moving in a predetermined routine between various courtly circles and aristocratic duties.

Nevertheless the emancipation that she gradually achieved through courage and persistence began during these years. She had acquired position. During the Balkan Wars she took an active part in organizing hospital care. She took lovers (one of them the French Prime Minister Aristide Briand) and she looked out for people who could educate her and suggest new horizons. That she should arrive eventually in Vienna in Freud's consulting room seems predetermined: she was still plagued with neuroses and depression, Freud was now well known enough for her psychiatrist in Paris to speak of him, she had the money and the leisure—and there was that chamber-of-horrors childhood. Nevertheless, to leave her protesting family and live alone with her maid in a Vienna hotel must have taken guts.

Freud adored her, and was not at all averse to her title. It is worth noticing the distance between the kind of chatty therapy practiced in 1925 and the present-day view of the patient described, for instance, in Janet Malcolm's *Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession* (and who is to say Freud wasn't right on this point?). He told her much about his life and sorrows and, holding his hand, she promised never to disappoint him as a disciple. He was, she told him, a combination of Einstein and Pasteur; no, he suggested, perhaps more like Christopher Columbus. And no doubt a terrific lover, she suggested eagerly? Freud drew the line: *"Davon werden Sie nichts erfahren."*

Her story now plunges deeper and deeper into the weird and wonderful world of early psychoanalysis. (As an aside, her husband was passionately in love with his uncle, and a family servant who figured in her childhood sex trauma was her father's illegitimate half-brother.) Not only did her next

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lover become her son's analyst, but she and her son discussed trying out incest. Freud was distinctly against it (and would have been shocked, he told her, if there had been even an affair or a divorce in *his* family).

Freud had acquired not only a rich, powerful, and intelligent new follower but—to do him justice—a mine of richly analyzable material in the fantasies scribbled in the childhood notebooks. And there was a distinct coup for him. Her dreams, he said, showed that she had been traumatized by watching parental intercourse; she virtually had no parents, she protested. But on cross-examining the said family servant she discovered that he and her nurse had carried on a vivid affair throughout the early years of her life, often in her presence.

Now, in her mid-40s, Marie Bonaparte's life was blossoming out. She began to take patients, wrote, lectured, and was active in organizing the Paris Psychoanalytical Society. Her money had become fruitful and powerful rather than an inherited curse—never more so than when she used it to help the Freuds leave Vienna by paying the *Reichsfluchsteuer* tax imposed by the Nazis on would-be émigrés. Bertin states that her money and influence was used to save about two hundred Jews during these years.

Freud died in London in 1939; "our Princess," as he liked to call her, spent four wearisome years in exile in South Africa. Until her death in 1962 she ran a busy life divided between family and psychoanalytic concerns, and wrote more than ever before. She had given life a good run for its money, and fought intelligently against a bad beginning. Perhaps she would never have claimed, though, to have been happy in any conventional sense; in old age she summed up her mistakes and those of her lovers, and ended: "Freud was wrong. He overestimated his power, the power of therapy. . . . Nature made me, by sex, a female misfit—but otherwise, in the brain, almost a man." If she remained a misfit, it was in feeling rather than in any discernible action of a life that became fruitful and generous beyond expectation.

ROSEMARY DINNAGE

Rosemary Dinnage writes about psychology and literature for the TLS and elsewhere.

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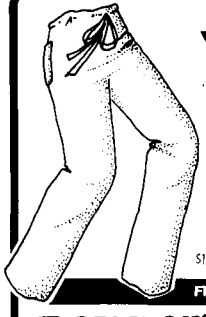

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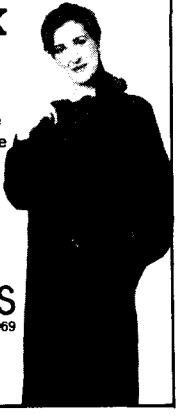

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THE DRIVE FROM Kimpo Airport to the center of the city is in some of the densest traffic I have ever seen, and mammoth trucks threaten to crush my tiny taxi. The buildings, high-rise modern monstrosities, are incongruous with the "poetic" willow trees lining most of the road, but we pass a few remnants of an earlier time: one old man pushing a cart, another with a load on his back, a woman carrying a basket on her head. At the hotel, my sixteenth-floor window overlooks the Han, a large new section of the city on the right side, and woods and farm lands extending to the Chinese-shaped mountains on the left.

AUGUST 19. The English-language *Korea Herald*'s lead story concerns U.S. General Donnelly's declaration that "G.I.s in Japan are ready for Korean action, the North being capable of invading the South, and the United States committed to defend the Republic of Korea" (along with Chad, Lebanon, and Central America?). The general sincerely "hopes that no situation will develop on the Korean peninsula that will require the use of nuclear weapons," meaning, of course, that they are already there. The *Herald*'s "Aid to Current English" lists "orchestrate" (nothing to do with music) and "break/broke" as today's assignments. The examples for the latter include: "Can you break a bill of 10,000 Won (pronounced Wawn)?," "Give me a break," "The company went broke," and "Someone broke wind." Why are the Korean translations of the first three sentences the same length as the English originals, while that of the fourth is twelve lines long?

AUGUST 20. Walter Gillessen, resident director of the Korea Philharmonic, whose 255th subscription concert I am to conduct, remarks to me that the country is an armed garrison on wartime alert. This morning a long convoy of soldiers in camouflage uniforms passed beneath my window in open trucks. Moreover, a blackout has been announced for 9:30 P.M. tomorrow, and there is a midnight curfew (foreigners exempted). Obviously all newspapers are censored, since Rim Young Sam, who advocates democracy, is never mentioned, while President Chun's every word is reported reverentially.

AUGUST 21. To Inchon, where, in contrast to Seoul, many people dress in the style of an earlier period, the men in loose white blouses and pants fastened at the ankles, the women in long skirts and turban-like headdresses. The waterfront is lined by a long row of restaurants, the street levels of which are aquariums of squid, eel, crab, lobster, and fish of every size, stripe, design, and color (including green). The customer indicates his choice, which the proprietor scoops out with a net and serves, cooked or raw, in second-story dining rooms. We climb a steep hill that provides a stunning panorama of the harbor despite the presence of an absurdly heroic statue of General MacArthur. The esplanade is attractive, but thick shrubbery and blankets of flowers do not conceal concrete fortifications, guns, and radar.

AUGUST 22. Silluk-sa Temple, south of Seoul, is one of the great monuments of the Silla dynasty (50 B.C.-935 A.D.)—a large compound of temples and bowers, of fenced-off stupas and steles. The approach is a long avenue of booths displaying tawdry souvenirs, including plastic Buddha dolls, as well as computers and transistors. Tourists, who arrive here in droves and by taxi, are confronted by placards with historical information in both Korean and a kind of Chaucerian English: "Priest Naong droue a fling dragon away with a mistrious briddle." A flying, fire-breathing dragon is suspended from the roof in one of the pavilions, but whatever the meaning of "briddle," why does this creature have the body of a fish?

AUGUST 23. At today's rehearsals, language is the main impediment. A few months ago the principal players were European; now the orchestra is all Korean. Only one member speaks English, a Kansas-born Korean-American who speaks no Korean. While the *Fidelio* Overture is comparatively easy for them, as is the square and simple Prokofiev Second Piano Concerto, *Le Sacre du printemps* is as new as it was to Monteux's musicians in Paris in May 1913. During a break, Dr. Kang-Sook Lee, general director of the Korea Philharmonic Orchestra and an eminent ethnomusicologist, enlightens me on the heterophony and nonmetrical elastic rhythms of Korean music.

AUGUST 26. My concert begins with the Korean national anthem, sixteen measures of Western-sounding melody and harmony in which the downbeat seems to be the upbeat. The applause for this, for the Beethoven, for the Prokofiev, and for the Stravinsky is about equal and by no means tumultuous.

AUGUST 31. New York. Two weeks to the day after my departure for Seoul, Flight 007 is shot down by a Soviet MiG. Baudelaire's words come to mind: "I have received a singular warning. I have felt the wind of the wing . . . pass over me."

ROBERT CRAFT

Robert Craft's latest collection of essays, *Present Perspective*, will be published by Knopf this fall.

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